THE NEW YORK LEDGER

DEVOTED TO CHOICE LITERATURE, ROMANCE, THE NEWS AND COMMERCE

VOL. XXIII. ROBERT BONNER, {PUBLISHER, 90 BEEKMAN ST. SATURDAY SEPTEMBER 28, 1867. TERMS. {$3 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE. NO. 31.

MAKE BELIEVE.

BY ALICE CARY.

Kiss me, though you make believe—
 Kiss me, though I almost know
You are kissing to deceive;
 Let the tide one moment flow
Backward, ere it rise and break;
 Only for poor pity's sake!

Give me of your flowers, one leaf!
 Give me of your smiles, one smile;
Backward roll this tide of grief
 Just a moment, though, the while
I should feel, and almost know
 You are trifling with my woe!

Whisper to me sweet and low—
 Tell me how you sit and weave
Dreams about me, though I know
 It is only make believe!
Just a moment, though 'tis plain
 You are jesting with my pain.

NORWOOD;

OR

VILLAGE LIFE IN NEW ENGLAND.

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1867, by ROBERT BONNER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

CHAPTER XL.

FAITH RE-KINDLED.

On their way home from the funeral, Judge Bacon, Parson Buell, Dr. Wentworth, and Barton Cathcart walked together, talking of the old man and the funeral. The whole town seemed to have turned out. It was even proposed to use the church, not so much in respect of the dead as of the living. Few families were there where Mother Taft had not ministered, and there was unusual sympathy for her now. But she and Barton, who assumed the arrangements, thought it wiser that Tommy Taft should go to his grave from the homely quarters where he had lived. A prayer was made, a hymn sung, and, if Tommy heard it, his spirit could not but have been content with the number and sweetness of the children's voices. There were enough people now that he was gone, to say kind things of him, and to apologize for his eccentricities.

"I have always been of opinion," said Judge Bacon, "that Taft would have been a man of great power in society if he had been subject to early training and fortunate circumstances. The rough material was in him, and education might have shaped it to the proportions of an uncommon manhood."

"You were with him, Barton, when he died—did he seem to have any proper conception of the solemn event?" inquired Dr. Buell.

Barton's account of his interview was striking. There was a moment's silence. Judge Bacon remarked, breaking it:

"I suspect that it is all right with Tommy. No doubt, the good Lord was merciful."

"God's mercies and man's saving evidences are not to be confounded," said Parson Buell. "All that man can do is to inquire whether, in the judgment of charity, one's life or dying experience gives evidence of gracious affections. Tommy Taft's character was marked with many strong excellences, but he would be bold who should say that his was a Christian life."

"But do you not think there is some evidence that, at last, he was led to put faith in the Saviour?" said Barton.

"My own pastoral visits developed nothing particularly encouraging," replied Dr. Buell. "Your narrative is certainly more hopeful. Yet, I should speak of a sudden dying experience with great caution. It would be mischievous for men to suppose that a whole life, perverse and worldly, can be rubbed out like a slate, by a momentary glow of feeling, in the last hour. I should think, Barton, that his experience was more a manifestation of affection for you than for his God."

"Since there is no positive evidence," said Dr. Wentworth, "of his condition, let us charitably hope that the spark which glowed at the last was not quenched in death. He humbled himself to Barton for very love. He followed him to Christ. True love is mediatorial. If to any state of mind God would reveal himself, it would be love and submission. It was not regular. What repentance is ever logical? Will a shepherd refuse a returned sheep because it followed home a bell-wether, instead of the shepherd's own call?"

"I perceive, gentlemen, with all due submission to your superior gifts," said Judge Bacon, blandly smiling and waving his hand with a gesture that seemed to put away the whole discussion, "that your wisdom increases as your knowledge fails. Poor Taft is gone. That is all you know about it. But no! You mount up above all facts, logic, or vision, and one weaves for him a garment of salvation while the other pulls out the stitches! Ah, what tailors of cloud-clothes you would make! If Taft had been a deacon, or a minister, of course we should have to let him go in. As he was a rough old sailor, with a hard tongue——"

Barton interposed with some slight asperity:

"Do you think that a smooth tongue and a hard heart would have served him better than a rough tongue and a warm heart?"

"A thousand pardons, my young friend," said the judge, accepting with perfect good nature the implied comparison,—"I yield, I yield. I shall put Tommy into the calendar, and hereafter swear by St. Taft. He excelled in the grace of swearing!"

"I fear that he was profane," said Parson Buell, "though not in my presence."

"No? I am surprised!" returned the judge. "However, swearing is for the most part a mere rhetorical enforcement—a system of interjections, in bad taste because of exaggeration. There is much pious swearing. A church-member slips on the ice, and exclaims, 'goodness, now!' Tommy Taft would have said, '*d—— it!*' Both meant the same thing. A bold man *means* swear, and says it. A timid man means swear, but says 'gracious!' All interjections are swearing, a kind of latent oath, are they not, parson?"

"Swear not at all; let your communication be yea, yea; nay, nay," said Buell. "No doubt many common bye-words are only a sort of cowardly profanity. But the guilt of profane swearing is not lessened by calling it an interjection, or by raising the culpableness of bye-words."

"Well, well, doctor or minister, whichever of you conquers, I perceive that both of you in your hearts have put Tommy in heaven, and that he is as well off as if he had died at a stake a martyr for religion."

"By no means," replied Buell. "There are infinite degrees of excellence and of happiness in heaven. One may enter as a king, crowned; another enters 'so as by fire.' One emigrant may come on to the coast by shipwreck, saving nothing but his life; and another, after a prosperous voyage, lands, with his goods, among friends that had come over before him. Both are safe; but one is a pauper, and the other well advanced in society. Let us reverently hope that Taft, at the last, beheld and accepted the Saviour. But that by no means places him at the side of those whose earthly life was a long career of virtue and self-denial."

"Bereavement," said Dr. Wentworth, "is a great heretic. I have found few persons who do not contrive to believe that *their* friends are saved. It is other people's friends that we remit to justice. Our own are, by some mediation of affection and grief, rescued. Indeed the *Infinite* and the *Eternal* are words without meaning till grief interprets them. Tears are like chemical rëagents, whose touch brings out colors. When, bearing our beloved in our arms, we come face to face with eternity, all our reasonings retreat into our hearts. Men do not deny their beliefs. But they will not let them speak. Like light in a sick-room, they must be turned down and softened, and sometimes before the morning comes, they go out."

"Truth," replied Buell, "is not less true because our sympathies flow out against it. The sun shines on in spite of weak eyes. Has a man a right to put a bandage on his eyes and call it sunset?"

They had reached Dr. Wentworth's mansion, and all turned in thither. It was a bright, but coldly blustering day. The hickory fire cheerily blazed on the hearth. The conservatory door stood wide open, and the eye discerned an artificial summer there, whose greenness and beauty was now, after the long winter, inexpressibly attractive. The azalias were coming into bloom. Exquisite ferns of various tropical kinds grew with luxuriance. There was a summery feeling in the room. Its light, its warmth, and the sight of plants and flowers all helped the illusion. A canary bird hanging in the conservatory sang merrily, and one or two flies buzzed against the window, or flew dreamily through the air. After a long winter, a fly in the house brings with it a sense of summer. If old and torpid, we take it in hand, blow warm breath upon it, put sugar before it. Imagine a man doing all that to a fly in August!

Judge Bacon could not tarry, and waited only till the flowers which the doctor was cutting for the ladies were arranged, and then departed. But not till he had enjoined all further discussion.

"When Buell and I meet you, Wentworth, you always seem moved with talk. Why, if all that you have discoursed to me, to say nothing of Buell, were written in a book, of what dimensions would it already be! I know very well what you are both thinking of. Buell wants to say now that your doctrine of *Nature* is injurious to *Scripture*. Then you, doctor, are full of a reply, viz.: that the globe, but particularly the human mind, by its best specimens, *is* a previous, or co-ordinate, or auxiliary revelation. Then Buell will snap you up with the question, 'Do you bring the Bible down to the level of Nature?' and you will answer, 'No, I attempt to raise nature up to the level of the Bible.' Then he will say, 'What do you mean by *Nature?*' and you will reply, 'Whatever God has created, but chiefly the human mind.' Then Buell will look very sober—he always does—but he will look soberer yet, and trust that you are not going off into mere natural religion. Then you will say that you prefer natural to unnatural religion. He will then look hurt, and you will grow dignified. Then after a while Doctor Buell will very mildly ask whether you think the deductions of science are upon an equality with the doctrines of Christ? and you will say they are infinitely below them—not because they are science, but from the nature of the truths themselves, one relating to matter, and the other to the soul. Whereupon he will introduce a question in mental philosophy, and you will snatch it away from him, and then he will get it away from you, until, before you know it, the clock will strike *twelve*—midnight! and then everything will be left just as it was before, to be gone over again at some future meeting.

"Ah, there is nothing so improving as philosophical discussion! But my health suffers from such luxuries, and I must deny myself and bid you good evening." And with a courtly manner the judge bowed himself out.

"A most agreeable and discriminating scoffer," said Dr. Buell, as the door closed.

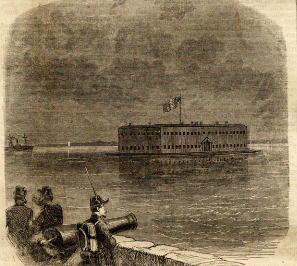
"Oh no, not scoffer, which implies something bitter or malignant. I think he has a conscience, and that, in spite of his badinage, he is not without serious thoughts and purposes."

The tea was announced. Barton sat in the place which Rose usually occupied, Dr. Buell sat next to Agate Bissell, and the children, great and little, filled up the interstices between the doctor and his wife. Barton gave some account of his western experiences—some further facts relating to Tommy Taft. He appeared unusually vivacious. Dr. Wentworth remarked afterward to his wife that he had never known young Cathcart to be so buoyant and modestly self-confident. He seemed like one who had seen trouble, but had found peace.

Leaving Dr. Buell with the ladies—to whom, and to Agate in particular, he was laying open some plans for usefulness—Barton and Dr. Wentworth repaired to the study.

Barton began:

"I do not feel, as Dr. Buell does, that your views of God's use of Nature as a Revelation tend to unsettle faith. In my own case, it has led me back to my childhood faith again. I was brought up, in effect though not in theory, to look upon Nature as something dangerous, having no relation to religious feelings. and, indeed, as a storehouse of infidel dangers. I had never heard a minister employ nature as an auxiliary of the Bible, as if there had been not one, but a converging series of revelations, all witnessing to the same truths, but in differing degrees of clearness, the full light and disclosure coming in Christ Jesus!"



FORT SUMTER—"GOD KEEP THEE, FLAG OF MY FATHERS."

The doctor answered:

"And yet the Old Testament is a storehouse of religious feeling excited by the objects in Nature. The Psalms of David play upon all the aspects of nature familiar to Palestine, and summon every living thing to bear witness to God. But many ministers seem to think that Nature has a secret grudge against the Bible, and they are determined that they will defend the Bible against the aggressions of insidious Nature!

"In making the world, many seem to think, God saved up the best truths, refusing to let Nature shadow them, reserving them for a written book. But Paul thought otherwise, declaring that God framed the world for the purpose of revealing himself and his government to man. 'For the invisible things (truths) of Him are clearly seen from (in) the creation of the world—being understood by the things that are made, even to His eternal power and Godhead.'"

"I am almost certain, doctor, that but for your help I should have made shipwreck of my faith. I had come to a state in which nothing was true to me merely because the Bible said so; but when, under your help, I found the great truths of the Bible indicated and corroborated in Nature, I was wonderfully strengthened. Indeed, I consider that the turning point in my history."

"There are a variety of influences which make religious difficulties almost a disease," said Dr. Wentworth. "A person cannot ravel out the threads of religious belief which from his childhood have woven the figures of taste, fancy, affection, and reason itself, without doing a violence to his nature which few have the strength to survive.

"The process is itself destructive, but it is made worse by the odium attached to scepticism—especially in New England, where it is deemed the mother of all immorality. This public sentiment is either to be dared or evaded. If defied, it soon drives a man desperate by its inflictions. If to avoid this, one is prudently silent, his mind grows hot and morbid by speculations which he supposes to be purely intellectual, whereas they are a mixture of intense feelings, of fancies, and of unregulative reasonings—a medley, as far from philosophy as possible, but peculiarly well calculated to produce morbid conditions both of body and soul."

Barton replied:

"I need no testimony on that point. I now wonder, as I look back, that my reason was spared. But it was in some respects this very intensity of suffering that worked a cure. I became satisfied that the reasonings of those men whose steps I was following, if carried forward legitimately and fearlessly, would not stop with discrediting a revelation, but would go on to discredit the existence of a God. The question came home—are you prepared to follow out your reasonings, and to give up faith in the existence of any God? Since no man can prove that God does not exist, I found that I should vibrate like a pendulum between Theism and Atheism, and that I should have my convictions just as little settled as before, only I should be unsettled in a different place; I should be acting in that remote region just as uncertainly and insincerely as before I had sacrificed my Christian faith."

"Certain natures must ferment," said Dr. Wentworth. "They do not become clear or deep till after a process of that kind. But I have noticed a great many men who went no further than to drop their faith in Christianity, which, as it is now held, represents not only the mere words of Christ, but all the experiences which have since sprung from these words, in good men, and so is the substance and epitome of all the moral good which the world has learned. They were not honest enough to go on with their principles to the logical result, and became torpid or frivolous skeptics, without moral depth or moral honesty."

—"It was at the point of this rebound in me, from the darkness and horror of atheism, that I was helped to a degree of which you were never conscious by an almost accidental train of conversation illustrating the difference between the essential truths of revelation and the vehicles of these truths. I had been sticking at a great many of the so-called difficulties of the scriptures. I pricked up my ears at your illustrations. You said, 'If a messenger were to come to a poor man, saying, 'I bear in my hand the will of a relative of your mother's. He has left you an estate, and here are the documents which will put you in possession,"—a sensible man would at once, upon a tolerably fair showing, take the documents and test them. He would see if they had been recorded; if there was such property; if, upon presenting his claims, it was made over to him. But what if, instead of regarding *possession* as the best argument in favor of the genuineness of the will, he should indicate his philosophy and shrewdness by picking flaws with the grammar, quarrelling with the messenger, instituting a special plea on the doctrine of probabilities in the case?' Out of that view came great relief to me. I said, 'Here is the will and Testament of my Father. Let me take possession of the contents rather than criticise them.' I considered the New Testament ideal of human life—its pattern of character, its delineation of the ends of a true life, its code of moral sentiments—and said to myself, 'Is there any thing nobler than this? Has nature any thing better to teach me?' I considered the conception formed in Scripture of God, his universal Fatherhood, his Remedial Nature as manifested in Christ, the whole, as it now seems to me, marvellous and transcendent attributes of excellence; and I contrasted this positive, effulgent, sympathetic Being, with that uncertain, protean, pulseless, soulless Solitude which Pantheism and Atheism call God. The contrast was salutary. It really brought my pride and my moral sense over on to the ground of my childhood belief! It seemed to me that such fruit could be found growing nowhere else, and that to refuse it was as if a man should refuse oranges because the tree was crooked, or the bark diseased, or the thorns too long and too sharp.

"In connection with this, came to my relief this view: 'I am undertaking to construct a theory of the universe as the condition precedent to my own life. But I have a personal duty. I have to develope a character, to perform my part in society, to be a man among men. Am I at liberty to defer this until I have put Time, History and the Globe to analysis and synthesis? If right living is immediate, urgent, the duty of to-day, then I must take the best ideals that exist, and work them out.' But that view brought me right back to the New Testament, and I could not help saying to myself, 'What book is this which an earnest man, desiring to live a high and noble life, finds at every turn, supplying him with the very elements which he needs? Is it not the Book of Life?'

"There came, finally, one experience further. When I was most imbued with the truth as I found it in Christ, most tender in my feelings, I have seemed to have, on various occasions, borne in upon me a tide of influences which I could account for on no theory of ordinary causation, and which I have come to believe was divine. The spirit was promised. To me it has been fulfilled.

"I have not got beyond difficulties. I cannot answer certain technical questions arising in my mind respecting Revelation. I am more than dubious of much of the philosophy in which religious truth is clothed in the pulpit. But this I know—I have found the road to Manhood; I know my duty to society; I have a sure faith in immortality; I behold the glory of a God worthy to be praised. I accept as my guide, friend and Saviour, his Son, the Redeemer of the world. And I believe that he gives forth to me the Holy Spirit. I never could have said as much as this to any one but to you. For you, sir, have had more influence in restraining my aberration, and in establishing points of cure in me, than all others."

A pause followed this conversation. Tears rolled down the doctor's face. The clock on the mantel chimed the hour. The fire snapped and showered its sparks up the chimney. There needed no words. Silence is sometimes the most perfect communion.

CHAPTER XLI.

CHANGE OF LATITUDE.

It was on an overcast day early in March that Heywood entered Charleston harbor. It was not that low and smothering cloudiness which shuts in and diminishes a prospect, but one of those gray, lowering skies which cause everything to loom up and to seem larger and grander than they appear in the white flat light of the sun. Heywood was on deck, and as the channel carried them nearly parallel with Morris Island, the captain pointed out the lines of batteries that were night and day in process of construction. For Major Anderson, on the 26th of December, 1860, acting upon his own military judgment, had abandoned Fort Moultrie, upon Sullivan's Island, on the north side of the harbor, and had conveyed his whole force to Sumter, a fort rising on every side right out of the water, and not accessible to assault, as was Fort Moultrie from its land side. This judicious movement took the authorities by surprise. Had Beauregard been then in command in Charleston, it is hardly possible that the opportunity would have been left open for Major Anderson to secure a position far better suited to the number of his men than Moultrie, in better repair, and removed from all danger of surprise.

The surprise at this movement was the greater because it had been believed that Major Anderson, a Southerner by birth, would ultimately come over to the Southern cause; or, at any rate, perform his duty in such a manner as not to molest the plans of the Confederacy.

To reduce Fort Sumter would require the erection of many batteries. No other spot in the harbor of Charleston could have been selected where a fort that commanded the entrance could be itself so dominated from every side by batteries on the shore.

As the steamer neared this fort, all eyes were turned toward this centre of attraction, and opinions were exchanged among officers and passengers as to the probable fate of its garrison. So little was then known of war, and especially of improved artillery, that the most extravagant opinions were expressed both on the one side and on the other. Heywood felt the tears rising to his eyes as he looked upon the stars and stripes waving over the fort. His soul revolted against the folly and crime of those who should dare to touch that sacred emblem of the country's glory! As he stood gazing, he unconsciously said aloud, "God keep thee, flag of my fathers!"

"You, a Virginian," said the captain, "and praying for that Northern flag? I am a Southern man, and if I lived in Charleston I would have that rag down as soon as powder and shot could fetch it down! You'll see that palmetto flag yonder waving over these bricks before many weeks!"

Heywood turned to look at the flag toward which the captain pointed as he spoke. It was too distant to be clearly discerned. But, through the captain's glass he saw over Castle Pinckney, and now over Moultrie, the State flag of South Carolina. His heart sickened. He turned and walked away. The gray sky—the dark and scowling water—signs of a coming storm—all seemed to him in keeping with the events transpiring. To himself he said: "Have I lived to see the day when the government and its flag will be assailed with war? Do I dream? Or is this a hideous reality? Well may the heaven hide its brightness, and the storm wail. A mightier storm will soon burst!"

Heywood soon landed and repaired to his hotel; nor did he regret that the day and night were stormy, as he desired to get settled in his quarters before going out or presenting his letters. On rising the next morning his senses were soothed and delighted with the fragrance of the air and the genial temperature of the atmosphere. It almost shakes one's sense of personal identity to be changed by a short voyage of a few days from snows and frosts into the midst of growing gardens and blossoming fields. Early March here answered to late May in New England. The roses and honeysuckles were in blossom. Even his Virginian home had no such luxuriant growths as he witnessed here. The Lamarque rose, the Chromatella, the various Noisettes and Tea roses which he had been wont to see grown under glass, or if out of doors, subject every winter to frosts which pruned them to the ground, here grew from year to year in open gardens, becoming large and luxuriant, and hanging in clusters of magnificent buds and blossoms in wonderful profusion.

He strolled through the streets to gain some general idea of the city. The finest dwellings, however, seemed half hidden by high brick walls around the yards. Over the tops hung many a vine, or clump of climbing rose. Now and then some open gate, or some more generous and open fence, enabled him to look through and see beds of early bulbs in full blossom, the long glossy leaves of laurel, the deep green and polished leaves of the Pettisporum, and the Cape Jessamine.

The air was delicious. It was perfumed and balmy. Heywood strolled on from street to street in the early morning with unaffected delight. Suddenly he was challenged by a sentinel, and warned off from bounds which he was just crossing. It was a camp of Georgia troops just come from Savannah. His heart sickened. With hastening steps he returned to his hotel. The front was already swarming with citizens, and among them many military men. He began fully to realize that Charleston was a foreign city! He was in his own land and yet not under his own government! He was, however, not regarded as a stranger. Not only was his father known, but his zeal in the cause of the State was known also; and young Heywood, on presenting his letters, found himself welcomed to the best society of the city. It was taken for granted that a young Virginian of such lineage as his, would cast in his lot with instant enthusiasm with the exultant and glorious movement for southern independence. But he can best tell his own experience in a sort of journal letter which he kept for Judge Bacon, who leaned to the southern views far more than did any of Heywood's other friends, and who, therefore, was relied upon for advice with more confidence than they would be whose identification with the north would of necessity give one color to all their counsel.

* * * “You can imagine the state of feeling here by nothing which you read or hear in the North. It was the opinion of many in Massachusetts that much that was done and said here was merely for political effect. I confess to have had the same notion; but I have it no longer. These people are in terrible earnest. I do not seem to myself to be in the same country or nation as when at the North. If every man I met talked to me in a foreign language, he would hardly be more an alien. Nowhere in the city or harbor, except at Fort Sumter, is the flag of the United States flying; everywhere it is the Palmetto flag! The people are intensely exhilarated—there is no resisting such a current. I am no more a secessionist than I was in Norwood; and yet, as every one takes it for granted that I am heart and soul with him, I reproach myself with my insincerity or moral cowardice. Every night, when I reflect on the whirl and excitement of the day, I am ashamed that I do not show my colors. But one must be brave indeed who would deliberately leap into the fire. It would be scarcely less than this to avow sincere attachment to the Union. I have seen one act of ferocity and heard of others, which for the sake of the South I will not repeat. But I am determined, at all hazards, to state to some of the leading gentlemen my true convictions. * * * *

“Since I have made known to my father's friends my Unionism, if it were possible, I am treated with more cordiality than ever. I am not only invited to social gatherings and made much of, but my friends take me with them to their political consultations. I am thus put in possession of the secret counsels of the leading Southern men. I am in despair of the Union, in so far as South Carolina is concerned. And the letters and messages from other States seem to give assurance of cordial coöperation. My future looks dark to me. * * * *

“I wish you could have been with me last night! I have had the inside view. I am less sanguine of future union than ever. After much importunity, Major Anderson has consented to send an officer to Washington, with a committee of citizens, to induce the government to withdraw its troops from the fort. Lieut. Hall is the officer. But he says distinctly to the committee that he shall advise his government to maintain their possession of the fort. In hope of changing his view, and of convincing him that there is no chance whatever of Union, and that secession is a fact accomplished and ended, the managers here last night arranged a meeting for conference, and as my case needed treatment also, I was brought in. [illegible] conference, that he should speak without disguise. It was something in this wise:

“‘The people of the North and South are essentially different. There is no hope of their assimilation. Their climate, industries, political opinions, social customs, cause, and will maintain, these differences. It is useless to try and conduct a government together. Perpetual disagreement and jangling must follow. That the leading thoughtful political men of South Carolina have long been satisfied of the soundness of these views. *That they were fully determined at all hazards to separate from the North.* It was not a sudden freak, but a matured purpose. Was it not better then, instead of patching, or dosing a desperate case, to yield to the inevitable? That no compromise was possible, simply because there were no special grievances which the South need complain of. That, to speak frankly, their grievances had been urged merely as the method of holding their people, but that the thinking men did not regard them as of any value. But the real motive lay in the prospect of a future which could not be realized without separation. To make new arrangements, to devise peace measures, concessions, compromises, was to prescribe for the wrong disease. The South really had no grievances whatever. That it *had* ambitions, and was determined to realize them. Under these circumstances, and in view of these disclosures, was it not wise for Lieut. Hall to join with the committee in saying to the government at Washington that the stay of troops in the harbor could serve no useful purpose?’

“I do not know what Lieut. Hall will do, but my eyes are open. Can it be that these things are true beyond the bounds of South Carolina? I am sure that in my own State it is not so. Virginia is true to the Union. But what if the flames that are here kindled should spread? What if my own State should go with the seven already seceded? Can I fight against my own State? Can I join my kindred and fight against the Government? Can I remain neutral, and let this great issue be settled by others, striking neither for the Union nor for my State?

March 25.—“I have been making a tour of the batteries with Gen. Beauregard. If I had ever thought that Sumter could long resist the bombardment which threatens her, I should be disabused of such opinions after seeing what I have to-day! Every point of land from which a battery can be made to bear on Sumter has been seized. Great numbers of men are perfecting the works. Huge cannon are lying under cover and waiting the completion of the works. In many batteries cannon are already mounted. In Fort Moultrie, the artillery destroyed by the garrison when they took possession of Fort Sumter, has been replaced. Every thing is approaching completion. March is wearing away; April is just at hand. Every effort has been made to induce Mr. Lincoln to withdraw the garrison, and thus avoid a collision. But I am told that he is obstinate, not to say deceitful. Again and again, he has either promised, or left upon those who have visited him the impression that a promise was given; yet the flag waves there—a defiance to the Confederate flags which fly from the beleaguering forts and batteries.

“As I stood upon the parapet of Fort Johnson this afternoon, the wind freshened and rolled out the flag from over Fort Sumter with that peculiar motion which gives one a feeling that there is life in the flag, and that it stretches out its arms from some volition of its own. It lifted itself from its drooping position, half disclosed its form, and then languidly relapsed again. Again, and with more impetus, it raised itself, rolling out heavily in a series of convolutions, as if it felt an inward struggle or spasm. It drooped again. Then, though I felt no quickening wind where I stood, it was plain that a current moved high in the air, in which, with a certain calm force, it was lifted up and stretched out at full, with all its stripes displayed, and so it held itself without recoil or droop.

“I inwardly said, ‘So it shall be. After some struggles the banner shall stand at last, spread abroad in full glory!’

“Beauregard, too, had watched the same scene. I know not what his thoughts were. He seemed pensive. There is a singular combination in his expression. His face is dull, his eye fiery, so that his whole countenance is like ashes, with fire raked up beneath it.

“With some emphasis he said:

“‘It shall not fly there long.’

“I asked him whether it did not pain him to do violence to the flag under which he had been reared? He paused, as one does who analyses his feelings before speaking:

“‘In our fathers' day that was the flag of the Union. But it has been made sectional by northern fanaticism. It no longer suggests protection and friendship, but injustice and aggression. We look upon it as it is, not as it was. And yet, sir, if Major Anderson would evacuate the fort, and relieve this harbor of the threat implied in his presence here, I should be saved a painful necessity.’

“‘Then you do not sympathize with those who wish to humble the North?’

“‘I sympathize with those who believe that a new empire is arising! I care nothing for the North. Let them have their way. We mean to fulfil our destiny. All nature has conspired to make this southern realm a grand empire. The climate is perfect. It is a garden on the pattern of a continent! We have an industry which will enrich the world—but ourselves first and most. Ours is not a rude and clumsy slavery like that of antiquity. It combines in it the patriarchal simplicity of the Hebrew and the fine organization of the Roman. The negro not held in slavery spreads out like a torpid swamp and poisons the land with laziness. We have forced him into channels—converted him, as it were, into a river—with a regular current, turning a thousand mills. Our people, relieved from drudgery, have leisure for refinement and public administration. Here is to be a new era—an epoch in civilization. In a hundred years the great schools of science and of painting, the colleges and universities of America, will be here! When I see that flag standing in the way of all this glorious progress, and forbidding it, I would fire upon it if it were thrice as glorious as it has been, but has ceased to be!’

“I think he was sincere. He is an enthusiast. He has the air of a man who has great self-confidence and is not unwilling to express it. On that account he is fit to represent the South Carolinians. They are certainly eager, opinionative, and prodigiously confident. I inquired:

“‘Will it be a difficult task to breach the fort, and likely to be attended with much loss of life?’

“He replied:

“‘We and they are well protected from artillery fire. Anderson is a good officer, and will not expose his men. If blood is spilt, it will be in storming after the fort is breached.’

“‘Will raw troops be serviceable in so desperate an enterprise as assailing a breach?’

“‘Sir, the Southerner is a natural soldier! His courage is such, by nature, that it is hardly a credit to him to be brave, any more than for a horse to be strong, or a hound swift. The Northern man is dull, slow, peaceful. If ever, it will be years before he learns to fight. The Southern soldier is quick, fiery, intense, overwhelming. We shall sweep every thing before us!’

“‘Is there no way of avoiding actual conflict? Might not the fort be starved out? I am told that the [illegible] from Charleston.’

“‘So far as I am concerned, I would defer operations, provided Anderson would state the day when want of provisions would compel him to surrender; at any rate, if it were a near day.’

“‘I am sure he would. He is an honorable and Christian gentleman. I would cheerfully undertake the mission. I am a Southern man, but I am opposed utterly to forcing this issue by arms.’

“‘This is beyond my province. You must get authority from Montgomery, or from Gov. Pickens.’

“Filled with this errand, I desired to hasten back to Charleston. The sun was already low down in the west, and flamed across the harbor with wonderful beauty. The channel guard-boats were under way to their night-watch on the bar, that no vessels might steal in for the relief of the fort. To the seaward, the harbor opened out grandly. The atmosphere, the setting sun, the meeting of the harbor with the ocean, gave a largeness to the scene which filled my heart with admiration. As I was looking, the sun sank. Then Sumter fired a gun, and the flag slowly and gracefully descended. In rapid succession, the flag over our head, that of Fort Moultrie, of Castle Pinckney, and of every fort and battery around the harbor, came silently down, and twilight seemed like a peacemaker! All the tokens of defiance and war were wrapped in quick-coming darkness. The little steamer on which we returned sped toward the city, whose outlines were lost in the dusk, but painted again in the lights that shot out along either shore and from beyond the White point Garden. The few craft that lay off at anchor showed each a solitary light. We saw them, shot past them, and left them behind, in the same moment. My heart was happy in the strange hope that I might at least contribute in a small degree to avert a collision.

“Without delay I sought out Gov. Pickens and suggested the plan. He met me cordially, but hesitated on hearing my errand. He spoke of consulting the Government at Montgomery.

“‘But, sir, if South Carolina is sovereign enough to withdraw from the Union, and to repel the soldiers of the Union from her shores, she is sovereign enough to negociate a peaceful evacuation of Fort Sumter.’

“‘Oh, there's authority enough. I would take it anyhow; but it may not be expedient.’

“‘Expedient! I do not understand you.’

“‘Well, to be plain, it may be necessary to come to blows for political considerations. If all the Southern States would promptly move into line, we could get along without bloodshed. But then we have but six or seven, out of fifteen, that have acted. This sluggishness will ruin us. We can't afford to wait. If the tide slacks and turns it will carry all our hopes out to sea with it never to return; but once let the Government at Washington fire one gun upon ship or man, and that flash will set on fire the whole South! Some of us are in favor of bringing on the issue by striking; others, by waiting till we are struck. By noon to-morrow I shall know. Come then and I will see you. Meantime, our friends are in the parlors to-night. The sons of Virginia are always welcome in Charleston!’

“I plead fatigue, and hastened back to my lodgings, and have saved myself from many unpleasant musings by writing this account to you.

“The clouds are very dark. While I was in Norwood I thought them wind-clouds, of threatening look and harmless contents. Now they are lurid with fire, and portend terrible disaster, if some happy expedient does not succeed in conveying the electricity silently to the ground!

“The whole city is feverish and inflammable. It seems to me that a spark would explode the community. Moderation is unknown. It is dangerous not to burn and glow with hatred of the Union. To resist secession would be fatal. I keep aloof from all but a select few, and their prominent position, their very leadership in this disruptive movement, gives me standing and character, which I maintain by holding my peace, and so get the additional credit of being deep and cautious!”

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

THE ADOPTED HEIRESS.

BY CAROLINE CONRAD.

The Red Room—as they always called the south parlor at Roxeter Hall—had not been lighted yet, save by the blaze that leaped and crackled and sent up ruby jets of splendor from the deep open grate sunk in one side of its crimson draped walls.

Upon a low seat before the fire sat—the only occupant of the apartment—Syra Lodell, the adopted heiress, people said, of Lionel Masterton, the owner of Roxeter Hall. The fire light showed a graceful undulant shape, and a purplish black wealth of braids drooped low on the pearly cheek, the clasp of white fingers on her knee, and the slow tapping of a very little foot upon the hearth.

Lip and eye were thoughtful in their expression; and one curled and the other flashed briefly as a step sounded on the outside, and presently a stately looking gentleman came in with the remark:

“I was looking for you, Syra.”

“Were you, sir?”

“I thought I should find you here; you always like this room, and it suits you. You look like a picture set in a crimson frame to-night, Syra.”

Syra's white lids drooped so that he could not see the expression that darkened again under them. Syra was not accustomed to such speeches, and they suited her less from him than most; but she did not speak.

“I trust you have by this time reconsidered your hasty decision of last night, Syra,” he said, after a pause; “that you have concluded to become mistress where you have hitherto been only——”

“Allow me to supply the word at which you hesitate, Mr. Masterton. A *dependent* you would say,” Syra said, with such quiet self-possession as almost to divest the shaft of its sarcasm.

“My dear child, not that, certainly not; the woman a man means to marry can never stand to him in the relation of a common dependent. I have never looked upon you in that light. I *always* meant to marry you some time, Syra.”

The girl gave a start of involuntary hauteur, and frowned slightly.

“There are rights which no state of dependency can alienate from a woman. The right of choosing whom she will marry is one of them,” she said, trying to speak quietly, but a passionate red dying her cheek.

Masterton laughed.

“And *you* do not choose to marry *me*?”

“Precisely,” growing pale again.

“What will you do then? Foolish child, who have you ever seen that you would choose in preference to me? I am not a bad match, as you women call it, by any means. True, I am older than you; but that disparity is more than balanced by the advantages. What do you find in me to object to, my dear?”

“I object to nothing, sir, saving the intentions you say you have always had toward me. It was not generous to load me with benefits, and then try to make of them chains to force my inclinations.”

He laughed again as at the pretty playful [illegible]

“Don't be foolish, Syra; no one wishes to force your inclinations. It would, indeed, be rather late in the day for me to begin, since I never in my life denied you anything, did I, Syra?”

Syra showed how much she had been indulged by her next words.

“It was because you felt too much above me to do so,” she said, with temper. “You would not oppose your might to such puniness as mine. Even now you laugh at me in your strength, and think that I mean nothing when I say I would not be your wife if you were a crowned king.”

His straight black brows contracted slightly as the daring girl spoke; but he only laughed again in his provoking way.

“Well, well,” he said, “you must have still another day to meditate upon the advantages of being mistress of Roxeter Hall. I can afford to wait for your answer, child, because I know what it must be in the end; and I acknowledge that all these pretty, haughty airs of yours amuse me vastly. They will become Mrs. Lionel Masterton quite as rarely as they do my little Syra.”

She made a passionate gesture.

“Do you not understand, sir, that I have not for you such love as men desire in a wife? I never thought of marrying you till you asked me a week ago the question you have repeated with sarcastic patience every day since. I have been taught to look up to you as to a parent. I tell you it is impossible to change the nature of that regard.”

“I take upon myself the possibility of changing it to the most proper of wifely affection,” he said, lightly. “As my wife, you shall forget that you were ever anything else.”

“I shall never be your wife, sir. Oh, I am very sure of that. I love you, and am grateful to you for your kindness to an otherwise friendless child, but every instinct of my nature revolts from becoming your wife.”

His brow knit again.

“You are talking supreme nonsense, Syra; and, child as you are, you ought to know it,” he said, with more impatience than he had yet displayed. “But come to the drawing-room, will you not? Olivia is there alone, and may think we neglect her,” he added, with sudden change of manner.

Silently Syra followed him, and, the drawing-room reached, sat there untalkative, in spite of the efforts of the others to draw her into conversation. But her air was thoughtful and troubled—nothing more. Syra never pouted, spoiled child though she was.

“Olivia,” said Lionel Masterton to his sister, desisting at last from his efforts to entertain Syra, “I haven't answered Chester Vale yet. I've been waiting for you to ascertain Mrs. Wharton's address. Have you procured it?”

“Oh yes; and the situation will be just the thing for her. She writes to inquire for just such a position as the one at Chester's would be, and I think you cannot do better than to write him and her by the same mail. Mrs. Wharton would be a treasure in any man's house, and I am sure she will like Chester. It's curious what an incorrigible old bachelor he is.”

Syra lifted her eyes during this speech, and once or twice was about to mention that she had heard from Mrs. Wharton since Olivia, but some thought restrained her; and as Lionel Masterton left the room, saying he would go to the library and attend to that matter at once, her glance followed him to the door with an expression of roused and eager attention.

Mrs. Wharton was an old family friend of the Mastertons, now in impoverished circumstances, who had written to Miss Olivia to inquire for a situation as housekeeper in some gentleman's family, where she would be likely to receive the consideration due her former circumstances, and be treated more as an equal than a servant. Miss Olivia did not know that Syra received a letter since hers, in which Mrs. Wharton announced the fact of her having secured already just such a place as she wished. Syra quietly resolved to keep that information to herself for reasons that had suddenly suggested themselves to her, and went away early to her own apartment to ponder some scheme, the details of which she had yet to arrange.

Near midnight, when all had retired, as she supposed, she descended and noiselessly sought the library—a smile, half defiance, half roguery, curving her red lips as she espied the two letters upon the table, waiting morning only to be dispatched to their destinations.

Just glancing at the superscription of Chester Vale's letter, she laid it down again and took up Mrs. Wharton's. She smiled still as she discovered that, with his usual carelessness, Mr. Masterton had so negligently sealed this letter that she could easily open it, which she proceeded to do, removing the contents, and depositing in their place a blank piece of paper, and re-sealing it more effectually than Lionel had.

This done, she effected her escape to her own apartment again without attracting attention.

“Mr. Masterton has often asked me of late what I should do if I did not marry him,” she murmured to herself as she moved actively about her chamber. “I will show him. Of course I know that Roxeter Hall cannot be my home after I have refused to become the wife of its master. That is the alternative he means to force upon me in the end, and he shall find that, child as he persists in considering me, I am capable of anticipating even him.”

When Lionel Masterton went down to a late breakfast the following morning, for he was not an early riser, he found his sister, who was of an indolent habit likewise, but had been waiting sometime in the dining-room this morning, fretting because Syra had not yet come down—Syra who was usually up with the lark. Breakfast waited yet a little, and then Lionel sent a servant to see if Miss Syra had risen, and to tell her that breakfast waited.

The servant returned immediately to say that the young lady's couch did not seem to have been occupied over night at all, and that she herself was not in the room then, though it bore a somewhat littered appearance, as though she had but just left it. In short, Syra had vanished in a most inexplicable manner from Roxeter Hall, leaving behind her only the briefest of good-byes in the shape of the following note, over which Lionel Masterton bent his black brows grimly:

“DEAR GUARDY.—I'm off, hoping that when we next meet we may both be in full possession of those senses which one of us seems bereft of at present, (I do not say which.) Have no anxiety regarding me. If I find that I cannot take care of myself I will let you know. Affectionately, SYRA LODELL.

“The reckless child! I wonder what she has got in her head now,” he muttered, in mingled anger and anxiety. “I have a mind to wait and see who will find their senses first, she or I. It will not be long before she will be ready enough to confess that she cannot take care of herself, and the lesson may do her good, and save me future trouble in taming this modern Katherine.”

He waited there, outwardly careless, inwardly anxious, for no news came of Syra; and when, finally, too uneasy concerning her to wait longer, he instituted such investigations as were at his command, he still was unable to hear anything of her, and he and Olivia settled at last into a half sulky despair at being so baffled by such a slip of a girl as that.

Chester Vale wrote toward the last of the month to express his complete satisfaction with Mrs. Wharton, the new housekeeper they had sent him, and who had been with him already long enough to [illegible] that her equal could not be found.

Both Olivia and Lionel read amazedly, Mrs. Wharton having written within a week only to regret that she had already engaged her services elsewhere, before learning of Chester Vale's desire to obtain them. Could there be two Mrs. Whartons?

Curious to solve this puzzle, Olivia wrote to Mrs. Wharton's address as her letter had given it, and Lionel to Chester Vale. Replies came swiftly; Olivia's correspondent in high indignation at her *double*, and Chester Vale vastly amused, and contented with the Mrs. Wharton whose services he had been so fortunate to secure. She suited him quite as well as *the* Mrs. Wharton could possibly, probably better. Beyond that he expressed no interest, and Lionel and Olivia had to drop the subject.

Beyond that he expressed no interest, but he felt some, or else he would not have sent for Mrs. Wharton to his parlor the evening he received Lionel's letter, questioning her of her knowledge of the Mastertons, for, having brought a letter from Lionel himself, she must of course know them.

Mrs. Wharton—this Mrs. Wharton—declared distinctly, and with some emphasis, that she did know the Mastertons well, and that the letter she brought *had* been written by Lionel Masterton, of course. Who else should it have been written by?

She expressed herself plainly enough, but Chester Vale did not feel altogether satisfied that she had told the whole truth, though he could not for the life of him conceive why she should withhold any part of it.

Mrs. Wharton, Chester Vale's housekeeper, would have looked much younger and prettier if it had not been for the disfiguring caps she wore, which came quite over her face and covered her hair completely. She had an unusually young, fresh face, and really a fine figure for a woman of her years and sorrows. Her dress was of the most sombre description, and her manner quiet, her eyes nearly always downcast. These last were enough of themselves to establish the fact that she must at some period of her life have been a remarkably beautiful woman. They were large, dark and lustrous still, beyond any eyes Chester Vale had ever seen, and if by chance he encountered them—which rarely happened—he was vaguely conscious of a curious thrill all through him, that he could not in any way account for. Mrs. Wharton was not talkative, but what she said she said well, and in a voice that affected Chester Vale very much as her eyes did. She was retiring and prim, and wore glasses most of the time, and did not seem very anxious to sit with Mr. Vale when he requested her of an evening to do so. Chester Vale was a good-looking though somewhat elderly bachelor, rich too, and there were plenty of pretty girls in the village near who would have gladly entertained him to the best of their ability as many evenings in the week as he chose. But he did not choose. He seemed to like better a book at his own bachelor fireside, or even a fragmentary chat with Mrs. Wharton, who spoke mostly in monosyllables, and evidently felt ill at ease in conversation with him.

She kept his house, though, as it had never been kept before since the lifetime of his mother. Such order and neatness and decorum had not reigned there in a great while. The maids who had proved refractory beyond measure under all other rule, fell gently into their places now, and the whole domestic machinery moved smoothly.

“Mrs. Wharton,” said Chester Vale, one evening, as he finished the perusal of a letter he had just received, “will you be good enough to see that a room is put in entire readiness for a guest whom I expect to-morrow? and, you must pardon me for reminding you of a matter which I dare say you have heard enough about already. It is Mr. Masterton whom I am expecting to-morrow, and he declares quite emphatically in his letter that he knows but one Mrs. Wharton, and that you cannot be she. I suspect he is coming more to see you, indeed, than me. Lionel is of an inquiring turn, and it is the first visit he ever vouchsafed me.”

Mrs. Wharton had certainly grown pale while he talked, and her knitting lay idle upon her knee, as though her fingers were too tremulous to display their usual swift deftness in its management.

Chester looked puzzled.

“I beg to assure you,” he went on, “my dear madam, allow me to assure you that I have done or said nothing whatever to encourage this inquisitorial trip of Lionel's. I don't *care* whether you're Mrs. Wharton or Queen Victoria, you're my house-keeper, and I never had so good a one in my life; and, though I confess to some natural curiosity as to what Masterton will say, I don't care a straw beyond that. As I said before, you're a good housekeeper—and that's enough for me.”

Mrs. Wharton gathered up her knitting, and rose to leave the room. She had not spoken before, but now she said quietly:

“Mr. Masterton will scarcely deny to my face that he knows me well.”

Chester Vale looked after her as she quitted the room, with a more puzzled expression than ever, saying to himself:

“It's a queer affair any way. She's not a woman any one would easily forget—and Masterton, least of all. Hallo, what's this?”

He stooped, and took from the floor, near where Mrs. Wharton had been sitting, a *porte-monnaie*. A dainty little affair it was: mother-of-pearl with gold mountings, and a name traced on a golden scroll; just as he was reading which, the door re-opened, and Mrs. Wharton came hurriedly in and toward him. Her eyes sought the floor first, and then were lifted to his hand. With a low cry, she snatched the portemonnaie from him, and was hurrying away again, but he caught her hand and held it with a grasp that there was no escaping.

With her face from him, she murmured some confused apology for her abruptness; but he, still holding her hand in that firm, unyielding pressure, led her across the room to the tall pier-glass, and, without speaking, pointed to the vision its depths revealed.

A vision, indeed! After leaving him, the housekeeper had gone to her chamber, and removed the neckerchief she usually wore, and untied the strings of her cap before she missed the portemonnaie, and came flying back frantic with haste. The cap had fallen back in her flurry, the absence of the muffling neckerchief exposed a round and snow-white neck, along whose perfect contour rippled purply-black rings, bursting riotously from the revolted cap.

The housekeeper looked, and began to tremble. The very earth seemed to quake under her, and tears, swelling under her white eyelids, rolled slowly down her cheeks.

Chester Vale seemed as agitated as she. His breath came short and quick, and his eyes shone luminous as light.

He dropped her hand when he saw she was trembling, but she did not go at once. Turning partly toward him, without lifting her eyes, she said:

“I have nothing to say in self-justification. I was going away before Mr. Masterton should arrive. I do not ask you to pardon the seeming unwomanliness of what I have done, but I am not entirely so culpable as you may perhaps think. Don't blame me too hardly.”

“How do you know that I blame you at all?” he asked.

“You cannot help it. I saw what a rash and unmaidenly step I had taken very soon after my arrival here; but I trusted to the impenetrability of my disguise, and I liked to stay. The excitement and novelty of my position fascinated me, and so I kept putting off going away. But I should have gone in the morning, sir, and you would never have known——”

“That I had been entertaining an angel unawares,” he said, abruptly. “Well, as you say, you have taken a very rash and unmaidenly step. You have wronged yourself in coming here as you have; but you will have wronged me more if you go away now.”

“*You*, sir?” lifting her lustrous eyes an instant and dropping them before the blaze of his.

“Me, because you deprive me of a housekeeper the like of whom I shall never find again. How do you expect to compensate me for such a loss?”

She looked puzzled, his manner was so serious and earnest.

“Is there any way, sir?” she asked, smiling.

“One.”

He extended his arms.

“Make it unnecessary for me to procure another housekeeper by remaining as my wife.”

She understood him suddenly and eluded his clasp, while the rich color mantled her beautiful face. It was Syra herself, who stood poised an instant on the threshold with bashful backward glances and then fled away to her room.

When Lionel Masterton came the next day, and asked almost as soon as he was in the house to see Mrs. Wharton, Chester Vale went out of the room and came back with Syra.

“You!” Lionel said, receding a step, and growing white with sudden anger.

“Speak to him,” plead Syra of Chester. “Don't let him be so angry with me.”

“Don't blame her too much, Masterton,” Chester said, approaching him. “She would never have consented to be your wife, and she will not now consent to be mine without your approval. You won't refuse us that, old friend?”

He certainly would have refused if he had seen any prospect of winning her himself. But he did not. It was sufficiently evident that she loved Chester, and she had given such evidence of willfulness in her way already that Lionel saw that he must consent, and did so with as good a grace as he could.

He never quite forgave Syra, however, for disappointing his pet scheme with regard to her till he had been married himself some years.

ENTRANCE INTO LIFE.

It is doing a service to mankind to destroy the prejudice which is generally entertained, that youth is educated when some care has been taken of their infancy. This prejudice, besides other bad effects of it, suspends the zeal of that small number of individuals in the middle rank of life who wish to give their children the best education they possibly can. From a false notion that the minds of young persons are formed at a very early period, they suffer them to be their own masters at a time when they stand most in need of a guide to direct them in the course of the most important period of their education, by the wisdoms of his counsels, the gentleness of his insinuations, and the force of his example. Few persons, in their infancy, learn the art of employing and governing themselves; and it is very difficult to learn it till the faculties of the mind are full-blown, and the character has taken its true bias. When young persons, therefore, are entering upon the tempestuous ocean of human life, then is the time when they must be taught the pilot's art, the manner of steering their course so as to avoid rocks and quicksands. A philosopher might begin to take the charge of education at a time when the vulgar think it finished. Many persons are capable of educating children in the ordinary method; there are few, very few, who are capable of *forming men*.

MY BEAUTIFUL ONE.

BY NATHAN UPHAM.

I.

Over the dew-drop and over the rain,
Over the daisy that smiles on the plain,
Over the hill-top and over the glen,
Over the haunts of all busy men,
Over the rainbow, yea, over the sun,
Over them all, dwells my beautiful one!

II.

Sweeter than flowers, was the smile of her face;
Lighter than fawn's, was her step, full of grace;
Brighter than stars, the light of her eye;
Deeper in hue than the blue of the sky;
Softer than a dove's, the tone of her voice;
Dearer to me, for she was my choice.

III.

Day is still bright, if she walk the air;
Night is still sweet, if she linger near;
Memory, dear, with her presence in view;
Truth, ever lovely, for she was so true;
Love is still bliss to whom it is given,
For the bright queen of love dwelleth in heaven!

THE HAUNTED MIRROR.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

You all know what sudden gusts are apt to usher in a thunder storm. One of those blew us into the hospitality of Howard Hunt.

It arose, hot and angry, as my friend and I paused before his gates—blowing our hair about our faces, filling our mouths with dust, blinding us and frightening us; and just as I had gasped, "Three miles from home, and I am so dreadfully afraid of lightning," an arm was offered to each of us, and a voice said, softly:

"Allow me to escort you into the house. It is fortunate that you are so near. The storm will break over us in five minutes."

And we had uttered thanks and apologies, and were under the roof of the handsomest home in the village before the first rain drops fell.

My friend knew Mr. Hunt, at least by name. I saw him for the first time on that day. He was the only man I ever saw in whose face or form or voice I could find no fault.

With a high-bred courtesy that in itself must have won a woman's heart, he offered us a thousand little attentions, and made us at home at once. The storm raged furiously without, but luxurious comfort reigned within, and we looked at the rain drops upon the panes, and saw the branches bend in the blast, and the lightning rend the sky, and heard the thunder roar, and were thankful indeed for the consideration of the gentleman who had so gallantly offered us the shelter of his roof.

My friend was a lively, self-possessed matron of some forty years, and I was a girl fresh from school, with romantic ideas in my mind, and dreams Moore and Byron and Bulwer had awakened filling my heart. None of their heroes could have been so handsome or so admirable in every way as this man, I thought. Yet I scarcely fancy that he knew my glance rested once upon him. Shy looks I took when his eyes were turned away, and nothing more.

My friend talked for me; and soon a delicate and tempting lunch was served, after which, the storm passing and the roads remaining impassable for pedestrians, Mr. Hunt drove us home, and left us, promising to call soon, and to be, as my friend said, "sociable."

"I never told you about Mr. Hunt, Nellie?" asked my friend that evening.

"No, I think not."

"His is rather a romantic history. He was poor ten years ago—poor and unlucky. Three or four attempts to make a fortune had left him where he first found himself on leaving college, with nothing but his education; and despairing of anything better, he travelled with a young scion of a newly-risen family, who had made a sudden fortune as tutor, companion, etc., to Europe.

"They 'did' Italy and France, and all the rest, of course, and finally went to England, where, it is said, a maiden lady fell in love with him.

"She was a titled woman—Lady Blanche something, I've forgotten what, and she was almost double his age, and enormously wealthy. They were married, and he actually brought her home to be rid of her relatives, who were deeply indignant, and here she died in three months. She never made acquaintance with any one. We were all too much below her, perhaps, in her opinion, or he was ashamed of such an obviously interested marriage. But I have seen her often—a witch of a woman, looking old enough to be his grandmother, wrinkled, and sharp, and gray, skin and hair alike. But she left him a millionaire, and with that fact and his beauty, naturally the great match of the place. I could count fifty girls who have done their best to win him, but he is obdurate. Perhaps the prize may be reserved for *you*, Nellie."

So our conversation ended with a jest; and a jest indeed it seemed to me, for I never fancied Mr. Hunt could have noticed a shy young thing like me, who had so little to say for herself, and it had not entered my head to think myself pretty; yet when, in a week, he called upon us, and when, the summer wearing on, he became a constant visitor at Mr. B.'s, and I knew, and all knew, that it was I whom he liked best of any there, a strange happiness thrilled my soul, and I wondered as one might to whom a fairy boon had been given.

The time was drawing near which was to end my visit, and I knew that when the chrisanthemums and marigolds bloomed in the garden, I should be far away; and summer never seemed so lonely or autumn so sad.

Should we part then, and should I never see him again? I asked myself, but I could not answer. It lay, I knew, with him. In such a case a girl is powerless.

He had looked into my eyes. He had held my hand lingeringly at parting. I had memories of tender tones and words that might have more meaning than lay upon their surface, but I knew nothing of his intentions. It might be his way with all women, this gentle way that had won my heart.

And I knew no more of the truth, when one day came an invitation. Mr. Hunt was, it seemed, desirous of filling his house with guests. A charming party had been invited for a week. The pleasantest people in the world, Mrs. B. said, and it was so kind to ask her boys, who were such romps. Go? of course we would go. And we went.

A pleasanter and more congenial company could not have been gathered together. We met for the first time at dinner—a feast; it merited no less a title.

And in the evening we danced and sung and walked in couples through the gardens, where he had placed a band that discoursed sweet music, and there were games for the old folks who dreaded night-air, and books, and pictures, and puzzles, and queer Chinese toys innumerable within doors.

And to me the best of all was, leaning upon his arm in the garden, the moon above us and the music sobbing at a distance.

Oh, such an evening! When it was over and I found myself following a servant-woman along stairways and corridors to my chamber, I was still in a sort of dream. I entered a door she opened and heard her say:

"This is yours, Miss," and saw her put down the light and turn away with a courtesy, and was alone.

Then I sat down in a great arm-chair and looked about me. It was a splendid room. A lady's evidently. The toilette appurtenances were perfect; the mirror the most beautiful I had ever seen. The bed and window hangings were of lace. The carpet seemed to be a square of white velvet, in the centre of which birds fluttered over a nest of eggs embowered in foliage. Two arm-chairs of scarlet velvet, and a lounge of the same material; a cabinet of curiosities and some rare china completed the furniture; and over the carved mantle hung a miniature. I arose and looked at it. It was the portrait of our host. I could not resist the impulse—I bent forward and kissed it—I kissed it on its pictured lips, and then, in an ecstacy of girlish shame, extinguished the lamp, and hastily undressing, sought my pillow.

How long I slept I do not know. But I awakened with a start. The moon had risen and her light fell through the window upon the mirror opposite the bed. Looking towards it, I saw within its heart a strange sort of light—bluish and vivid—and amidst it a man's figure. There was no one in the room. How should the mirror reflect what was not to be reflected? I shuddered, but I had no power to turn away my eyes.

Once I had looked into one of those diminishing glasses in which everything is seen on a smaller scale. So now in this ordinary mirror I saw a picture in which the figures were no larger than dolls—the furniture like that of a toy house. Yet it was the room in which I lay. The bed also, but on the bed I saw an old woman—hideous as age could make her—sound asleep. A table stood by the bedside. A mosaic stand, which actually was in a corner, and on it was a glass. A man bent over the table, and I saw that he held a phial in his hand from which red drops were trickling. The other hand was clenched, and the eyes lifted as though regarding some object with horror.

The whole vision, if vision it were, lasted some five minutes. Then the mirror reflected only the moon, and I heard, amidst a terror greater than words can express, the clock of the church-yard hard by strike twelve. I think I fainted—certainly I lost consciousness. And I awoke late, very feverish and looking very ill.

But, as I dressed, I begun to feel quite sure that this strange thing was only a dreadful dream. It could be nothing else. I had been, perhaps, a little delirious. My hands were hot, and my brow burning. It was best to say nothing of what I had seen to any one.

That night I felt a disposition to delay the hour of retiring, and actually left my light burning. But I fell asleep, and was awakened by the striking of the clock.

Twelve—I knew it must be, for it was eleven before we parted, and the strokes were many. The light still burnt upon my mantel, and my eyes fell upon the mirror, for an instant, as one sees a flash of lightning. I saw again that strange picture. The room—the bed—the woman lying upon it—the man bending over the glass. But it vanished so quickly that I had no difficulty in imagining that it was all a feverish fancy—a remembrance of last night's dream. I slept again, and awoke refreshed.

We had a happy day. Our host exerted himself to make it enjoyable. Our tea was taken upon the lawn. The band playing all the while. We had charades and dancing in the evening, and Mr. Hunt sang to us himself. What a voice he had! If any thing could have made me love him more, it would have been those songs.

That night my friend, Mrs. B. came into my room with me. At first she jested and tried to torment me, but at last she said seriously:

"I have seen how it was going for a long time. Mr. Hunt is devoted to you. You are a lucky girl, Nellie. He is handsome, rich, and very good. I am sure you will be happy."

"I am not even sure he means anything of the sort," I began.

But she stopped me with a kiss.

"I ask for no confession," she said. "There—it is a quarter of twelve. I must go. Good-night, Nellie!"

She left me, and I went to the mirror and began to unbraid my hair. The light fell full upon my face, and I was looking at it in a dreamy sort of way, when it vanished. I noticed the same strange blank hue overspread the glass, and I saw the picture once more which I had already looked upon twice.

As before, the room, on a diminished scale. The furniture placed as it was not in reality. The stand by the bed. On it, a glass. Within the bed, a woman; bending over it, a man. But all was plain now, with the black and white distinctness of a steel engraving. The old woman's pinched face, her wan hands on the coverlet; and the face bent over the table was that of Mr. Hunt. He wore a loose dressing-gown such as I had never seen him wear, and I noticed that his hair was cut and parted in a different fashion. I noticed even while the horror in his eyes became evident to me. The awful horror of guilt. A little line caused by the contraction of his brows, and another on his cheek, as his mouth was drawn back as though it twitched spasmodically. And I also saw the label on the phial which he held. The minuteness of the letters cannot be imagined but I read them plainly.

The first, a Latin abbreviation which I did not comprehend. The next, the horrible English word—*Poison*.

Then, as before, twelve strokes filled the air. It was midnight. With the last echo the picture faded from the glass. I saw my own face, horribly pale and terror-stricken, staring at me for a moment, and then dropped upon the velvet carpet. I knew that this time I had not dreamt, and the horror of my conviction was too great to bear.

I left the house at dawn. I offered no excuse. I shocked my friends by my conduct. I was rude and ungrateful to our kind host, they said. But he followed me. He came to me with lover's looks and words, and plead for my heart. A week before it had been his. Now I felt only fear of him. I refused him almost angrily, and I fled his presence trembling.

But I kept my secret, and never told any one of my vision, and went home at last, still keeping it so closely that its weight became almost too great to bear. I grew thin and lost the buoyancy of my disposition. I was haunted at once by memory and by remorse. If Mr. Hunt were all I once had fancied him, I had wronged him in as mad a whim as ever played through a disordered brain. Yet my last vision had been too awful to be set aside. I dared not disregard it.

The months passed on. A year had gone. Then there came to me a letter from Mrs. B. A preface of kind wishes, then these words:

"You remember Mr. Hunt, whom I wanted you to like, and how angry I was when you refused him? My dear Nellie, you had a happy escape. How he has deceived us all. A week ago he was arrested for the murder of his late wife.

"No one believed it here. Her English friends moved in the matter; and we grieved for him, and thought it all done out of hate and revenge because he had inherited all the fortune these cousins and nieces and nephews wished to divide among themselves. But he proved us all in the wrong. Yesterday he committed suicide in prison, and left a written confession.

"It was his plan from the first, as it seems. He poisoned her slowly. He kept a diary of the changes in her health, and was very cool about it. But he records the fact that at the giving of the last dose—the one that hurried the poor old woman who had been so fond of him into eternity—he looked up and saw the picture in a mirror in the room, just as the clock struck twelve; and how afterwards he always fancied that the mirror was haunted by the scene and that looking in it at midnight he should see it again.

"A strange idea was it not? But he was always poetical, you know. Could you have believed him such a scoundrel when he made us all so happy at his beautiful home.

"I found myself weeping for him, though he does not deserve a tear. Poor old lady, what a fate to bring upon herself. You were wiser than we when you refused Howard Hunt. ANNA."

HOW SHE WAS CURED!

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

"No breakfast yet?" said Major Vernon, rather dolefully, as he glanced up at the little mantel-clock whose fingers pointed inexorably to the hour of nine.

And you would scarcely have blamed Major Vernon for speaking "rather dolefully," could you have looked 'round at the slovenly room,—with its curtains drawn askew, its furniture undusted, its ash-choked fire, and its general aspect of forlorn discomfort. Major Vernon, in common with most of his masculine kind, liked a bright hearth-stone, a cosy breakfast-room, and a cheerful face behind the coffee-urn, and the barometer of his mental organization fell several degrees as he looked round the apartment.

Major Vernon's brows contracted. He rang the bell violently.

In about five minutes, it was answered by a slovenly-looking girl, with sleeves rolled up, and shoes down at the heel.

"Katie, why is not breakfast ready?"

"Sure, sir, it isn't no fault of me own; Bridget got mad this mornin', and went, without so much as 'by your lave;' and it's meself never learned to cook, barrin' it's potatoes and meal; and Widow Flanagan's down in the kitchen, to help me. I didn't know who else to sind for."

And, in the self-same moment, the crash of broken china and the clang of metal cooking-implements gave wordless witness to the efficacy of "Widow Flanagan's" labors.

Major Vernon rose up hurriedly, and began to pace the room with disturbed brow and hasty movements.

"A man might as well be in Bedlam!" he muttered to himself. "Make haste with your breakfast, Katie; I'll try to send a cook up from the Intelligence-office before dinner-time."

"An' what shall I order for dinner, sir?"

"Oh, almost any thing—I don't care what."

"Sure, then," said Katie to herself, as she disappeared, "I'll have porgies and peraties, bein' it's Friday—porgies is good and healthy."

Meanwhile, Major Vernon had ascended the stairs in rapid strides, two steps at a time, and knocked impetuously at a green-baize-covered door.

"Come in!" responded a faint voice.

And the major entered accordingly.

The room was darkened by layers within layers of heavy window draperies, and the footfall sank noiselessly into a moss-soft carpet. So deep was the artificial twilight thus created, that it was several seconds before Major Vernon could discern in which corner of the room the big easy-chair was placed. A slight figure reclined therein—the figure of a woman,—Major Vernon's wife.

She was pale with the pallor one might remark in a bleached sprout of celery, or a plant that has grown in the dark; and there was a general languor in her appearance, corroborated by the rows of medicine bottles on the toilet-table and the heavy odor of artificial stimulants and perfumes that filled the room.

"Well, my dear," said the major, almost unconsciously lowering his voice as he entered the room, "how do you feel this morning?"

"No better," was the reply, spoken in a tone of the utmost despondency.

"No better? Didn't that last medicine do you any good?"

"Not a particle. I didn't suppose it would, George—in fact, I *knew* it wouldn't."

"Nonsense!" ejaculated the major, abruptly.

"Oh, yes, you may say 'nonsense' just as much as you like, George, and you may shout at the top of your lungs, and split my poor head open, too, if it pleases your humor! But I don't know that *that* will make any difference in the actual state of my feelings."

"I beg your pardon, my dear," said the major, meekly. "I wasn't aware that I was speaking so loud."

"It's of no consequence," said his wife, resignedly—"none in the world."

"I am sorry you are no better, Cynthia."

"I never expect to be any better in this world, George."

"But, my dear, Dr. Brower always insisted that this was nothing on earth but the 'hypo;' that you are not really ill, except through lack of exercise and too much of an indoor life."

"Dr. Brower is an old fogy, no more fitted to be a physician than our Tommy!"

"Don't you think, Cynthia, you might rouse yourself a little? The house is all at sixes and sevens, and the children are running wild, to say nothing of my own comfort, and——"

He checked himself, for Mrs. Vernon had buried her face in the cologne-drenched handkerchief and was sobbing.

"Oh, George, how can you speak in that way? As if one's health was in one's own hands!"

"To a certain extent, my dear, it is."

"George, I think it is my solemn duty to repeat once for all what I have so often told you without any seeming effect—I shall never be any better; nor can I reasonably hope to remain many months longer with you."

"My dear!"

"Hear me out without interruption this once. I feel it my duty to warn you that you had better proceed at once with all preparations—that your affairs had best be arranged in reference to—to my death. I have no objections to these melancholy arrangements; in fact, it would be rather a relief to know that they were completed!"

"But, Cynthia——"

"Major Vernon, may I beg two minutes further indulgence? What I was intending to remark will soon be said. Of course I cannot but suppose that my place will soon be filled; nor do I object, for I am fully aware that you have long ceased to regard me as aught but a wretched, sickly incumbrance, and——"

"Cynthia!" sternly interrupted her husband, "be silent? Have I ever given you any right to speak in that manner of me?"

Mrs. Vernon broke into hysteric sobs, and her husband quitted the room with bent brows and set teeth.

"By Jove!" he muttered, "this is too much for any mortal man to stand. I'll go and talk to Dr. Brower about it!"

And go he did. The old physician listened sagely, shook his head, and played with the bunch of gold seals that depended from his watch chain.

"My dear Vernon, your wife is no more sick than I am!"

"But she fully believes herself to be so!"

"Yes, and that's just what plays the deuce with such women. If we only could rouse her."

"Yes—*if!*"

"Don't despair, my boy; perhaps it may yet be done," said the old gentleman, cheerfully. "It's hard to see your domestic happiness turned upside down all through one silly, groundless whim. Now let's talk the matter over; perhaps between our united wits we may hit on a plan that's worth something."

Just an hour afterwards, Major Vernon came whistling out of the doctor's office with a face brighter than he had worn for many a day.

"My dear," he said, entering his wife's room that evening, "I have thought over what you told me this morning, and decided to act according to your wishes."

"Have you?"

"Because, of course, there's no use in trying to evade an inevitable conclusion. I'm very sorry, and all that sort of thing; but if it really must be, why there's nothing for it but to submit. So, my dear, I've written to invite your cousin, Madeline Smythe, here, just to have an eye to things."

"Madeline Smythe!" repeated Mrs. Vernon, scornfully. "A chit like that! what can *she* know about housekeeping? You had a great deal better send for old Aunt Mehitabel Jones. But of course it's quite indifferent to *me!*"

"Oh, of course!" said the major, rubbing his hands. "I didn't suppose you would care to be consulted, after what you said last week about wanting to exclude all worldly cares and responsibilities from your mind."

Madeline Smythe arrived, and was shown into her cousin's room—a dimpled, bright-eyed little damsel, with cheeks as fresh as an oleander blossom, and teeth like rows of translucent pearls. Mrs. Vernon extended to her a rather cool greeting, and expressed her opinion that "*that* child never could keep house."

"But it's George's business and not mine," said Mrs. Vernon, with more acrimony than exactly befitted a lady who stood so near the verge of mortal existence.

"Mem!" demanded the new cook, "will ye plase to giv' me the money for the bar'l o' flour? The man's here waitin.'"

"Go to your master."

"If you plase, mem, he's out—gone to the Central Park with Miss Maddie."

Mrs. Vernon frowned and gave Norah her purse.

"Tommy," she said, the next day, as the little child crept into the room to ask for "a penny to give the organ-grinder with the dancing monkey," "where is your papa?"

"He's in the parlor, mamma, reading poetry for Cousin Maddie. Mamma, could I have *two* mothers?"

"Why?"

"Because Katie asked me last night how I would like Cousin Maddie for a mother!"

"That is all nonsense!" said Mrs. Vernon, sharply. "Little boys should not talk about what they cannot understand."

But, nevertheless, Tommy's artless question made her very uncomfortable during the rest of the afternoon.

"My dear," said the major, entering the room next morning, dressed in faultless linen and shining broadcloth, "can we do anything for you this morning?"

"*We?*"

"Yes. Maddie and I are going out to buy new table linen and napkins, and to see about chintz covers for the parlor furniture."

Mrs. Vernon hesitated.

"Do we really *need* these things, George?"

"We have long needed them, my dear. You see it is so long since you have been in either dining-room or parlor that——"

"Yes, I know. But is Miss Smythe a competent judge of household linen?"

"An excellent judge, my dear—excellent. You've really no idea what a fine girl Maddie is."

Mrs. Vernon crimsoned. She was getting disgusted with "Maddie's" name so frequently repeated.

At noon, when Major Vernon and Miss Smythe returned, what was their astonishment at finding Mrs. Vernon herself in the parlor, dressed, not in invalid white, but in a very becoming pink lawn wrapper, with her curls brushed out in long bright coils, and a pink bow at her throat.

"I'll see if *I* can't look as well as that little minx, Maddie Smythe," Mrs. Vernon had said energetically to herself as she dressed.

"*Why*, my *dear!*" ejaculated the major as he entered, "this is indeed a surprise. So you are better?"

"Yes, *very* much better," said Mrs. Vernon, eyeing the parcel in Madeline Smythe's hand. "Have you been buying *that* stuff for furniture covers?"

"Yes—isn't it pretty?"

"Pretty! I never saw such a hideous pattern in my life."

"Why, Maddie and I thought it very tasteful," said the major.

"At all events, I won't have it in *my* house," declared Mrs. Vernon. "I'll take it back myself and exchange it to-morrow."

"You, my dear?"

"*I*, my dear."

"But you are unable to stir out of the house."

"You'll see whether I am able or not," said Mrs. Vernon. "Thank fortune, I am not *yet* upon my death-bed, whatever some people may hope."

And then she did go to exchange the despised furniture chintz, and returned with cheeks tinted with rose, and brighter eyes than she had had for many a day.

As she entered the dining-room her husband sat by the window, with Maddie Smith in an easy chair close beside him, both apparently absorbed in conversation. Maddie colored scarlet as Mrs. Vernon's sharp glance encountered hers, and making some excuses she left the room.

"I am sorry to have interrupted your *tete-a-tete*, Major Vernon," said the indignant wife, drawing herself up.

"No interruption at all, my dear," said the major, nonchalantly.

"But perhaps you may as well know now as at any time that my health is so much improved that henceforward I shall need no deputy to preside over my household."

"I am very glad to hear it, my love."

"Perhaps, however, your friend Miss Smythe may not share your gratification."

"Well, I presume she will, as she was just confiding to me the fact that she was to be married one month from to-day."

"Married! Maddie Smythe? And to whom?"

"To Mr. Calvarley."

Mrs. Vernon's face grew radiant. "I must go and congratulate her."

And Maddie was surprised at the affectionate warmth with which her heretofore frigid cousin whispered pleasant words of congratulation.

"George," she said as she returned to the dining-room, "do you know what I feared?"

"What?"

"That my folly had—had estranged your heart from me, and that you were acting on my own absurd suggestion of preparing for my death and—and filling my place!"

What Major Vernon said we could hardly place properly upon paper—but his arguments must have been conclusive, for Mrs. Vernon's face was radiant as she sat behind the steaming tea-urn scarce two hours later.

And when Dr. Brower dropped in, in a social sort of way, to inquire about the success of his little stratagem, Mrs. Vernon's smile was the first to greet him.

"Ah!" thought the little old doctor, "my prescription has worked wonders!"

It had indeed; for the demon of hypochondria had been exorcised for good, and all through its potent influence!

—Everything may be mimicked by hypocrisy, but humility and love united. The more rare the more radiant when they meet.

—To things which you bear with impatience you should accustom yourself, and by habit you will bear them well.

WIT AND HUMOR.

In the "good old times" when men were imprisoned for debt, a debtor was held in durance vile at the suit of a creditor who, of course, had to pay the delinquent's board—$2,25 a week. After a few months had passed, the debter sent for the creditor to come over to the jail and "settle the affair," and the latter immediately went. "See here," said the debtor, "you're paying $2,25 a week for my board here; now just let me out and apply the $2,25 a week on your debt, and *I'll board myself till it's paid*."

A skeleton, said to be that of Pharaoh Mykerimus who reigned in Egypt before Abraham was born, has been placed in the British Museum, encased in its original burial robes; and a London paper, in its zeal to establish the identity of the skeleton, innocently asseverates that "gentlemen of the highest authority are unanimous in the opinion that the skull of the deceased bears a striking resemblance to that of the monarch whose name it bears, *as he was seen in his life time*."

Great is Science.—"Zhentlemens," said a French *savant* to his audience, "ze volition of an animile is like zat of ze telegraph. For example, when ze whale is harpooned, ze nerve instantly telegraphs ze brain, 'Harpoon in tail;' and ze brain immezhiately right away telegraphs back, 'Zherk tail and upset ze boat,' and ze tail obey like a flash. Ah, zhentlemens, a great t'ing is science—one very great t'ing!"

"The Intelligent Jury."—A London paper says that a Yorkshire jury, on being told by the judge to "retire to their room and *find* and *bring in* a verdict," "retired" accordingly, and after some time came into court and declared that they had "searched the room all over, and peered into every crack and corner, and couldn't find anything that looked like a *verdict*."

"The Courtesies of the Press."—A Georgia editor calls a cotemporary "an odious fungus," and wants to know "how much an acre the swamp is worth wherein he was brought to his slimy maturity." Whereupon the "fungus" answereth thus: "Our friend of the ——— can never forgive us for going his bail when he was accused of robbing his mother's coffin of its silver ornaments."

A Spaniard was boasting that a certain Don Carlos of Spain was the greatest Don that ever lived, &c., when an Irishman said he knew of one ten times as big. "Who was it?" quoth the Spaniard. "The Masto-don," replied the Irishman, who remained master of the field, till a Yankee swept everything before him by "coming down" with the *river* Don as the biggest thing of the Don kind ever known to man.

A Humble but Good Comparison.—"Oh! doctor, I feel so queery like: I feel just like a *boiled onion*," exclaimed a poor sick woman. "How so?" remarked her medical adviser. "Why," answered she, casting a furtive glance at the questioner, "because *I have lost nearly all my strength*." The doctor prescribed accordingly.

A well-known gossip having related a story of a horrible murder, in which the victim's head was severed from his shoulders with a carving-knife, which turned out to be utterly without foundation, a wag remarked that "there was no head cut off after all, but that it was only a tale."

"Have you been published?" asked a New England clergyman of a couple that presented themselves before him for marriage. "Oh, I guess so," replied the groom, "for I told it to Uncle Reub., and he *told it to his wife more'n a week ago*."

An eminent physician gives it as his opinion that more Williams are born on quarter-day than on any other day of the year, inasmuch as one meets more "little Bills" then than at any other time.

"I do wish I could have a *whole crop* of parasols!" exclaimed Louisa Jane. "Perhaps you could raise one if you'd only *sew your old umbrella*," responded her trifling brother Ned.

"What do you mean by a *saw dentist?*" "I mean a man who sharpens and repairs the teeth of saws."

A Question for the Scientific Association. Is the dog star a Skye terrier, or only a tarrier in the sky?

From the prevalence of horse-fairs of late, it is supposed that the equine-octial is a little ahead of time this year.

A Favorite Wall-street Motto.—"Do others, or you'll be done."

CURRENT ITEMS.

A young man from Columbia county, being on his first visit to this city, met a young lady in Chatham Square about ten o'clock in the evening, and thinking it "looked bad" to "see a girl out all alone after dark," he gallantly offered his services to escort her home, which she accepted, and on the way meanly stole his pocket-book, containing nearly three hundred dollars. This was more than the young Columbian could stand, so he had the girl arrested and got back all his money within a few dollars, which fact we regard as one of the most singular events that have lately happened in these parts.

A fine boy, sixteen years of age, clerk in a gold broker's office in Wall street, being subject to fits of terrible headache, at last declared that he would shoot himself the next time he felt an attack coming on, rather than suffer the agony the ailment caused him. No attention was paid to his threats, but on Wednesday of last week he proved that they were in earnest, by shooting himself, as soon as he felt the headache coming on.

A well-to-do farmer near Sadalia, Mo., was lately swindled out of $6,000, by a gipsy woman, under pretense of performing an incantation with the money, whereby she was to find where immense sums in gold and silver were secreted on his farm. The deluded man had $1,000 cash to start with, and actually mortgaged his farm to raise $5,000 more, of all which he was fleeced by his artful temptress.

A burglar, while robbing a house in Astoria, in some way brought about an explosion of a kerosene lamp which he was making use of, and had to yell for assistance to get the flames with which he was covered extinguished. But, owing to fright and confusion, the poor wretch had to fight the fire-demon as he best could, and the result was that he was burnt so badly as to endanger his life.

A short time since, a young man in Albany, while shaving himself, cut a mole or wart that was on his left cheek. The effect of this seemingly slight accident was terrible: his head was twisted around and over his left shoulder, his left arm and leg became rigid, his entire right side was paralyzed, and he suffered unspeakable pangs till death came to his relief.

There have been four women hung in New Jersey. The first was executed in 1813, for murdering her mother; the second, in 1832, for murdering her husband; the third, in 1844, for poisoning her master; and the fourth and last, (Bridget Durgan,) on August 30th, 1867, for murdering her mistress, Mrs. Coriell.

While a gentleman living in Chicago was walking with his wife across the prairie from Braceville station to his father's house, carrying a gun with him to shoot birds, he accidentally shot himself, and his wife, seeing him fall, fainted away, and, on coming to her senses, she found her husband dead.

A man, seemingly about thirty-five years of age, was run over and killed by a train on the Hudson River Railroad, near One Hundred and Eighteenth street, on Thursday of last week, in broad day-light. This was the second man killed on the Hudson River Road during last week.

A woman, said to be a resident of Bordentown, N. J., attempted to jump into the East river, from a ferry-boat, a few days ago, but was prevented from doing so by the passengers. Her mind seemed to be unsettled, and she was sent to the Asylum.

The Indians can't understand how it is that the white men can reload their rifles while lying on the ground. The breech-loader is yet unknown to the savages, and it gives our troops and citizens a great advantage over them in a fight.

A farmer named Bradley, living in Brookfield, Conn., was struck by lightning and instantly killed, the other day, as he was returning to his house from the hay field.

Three persons died in Whitehall, Vt., (old residents of that town,) during one week lately, whose united ages amounted to 227 years, the youngest of the trio being 63, and the oldest 91 years old.

A workman in a fish-oil factory on Long Island, while at work over a vat of boiling fish, stumbled and fell head-foremost into the boiling mass, and was almost instantly killed.

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1867.

NO TRAVELLING AGENTS.—We employ no travelling agents. If any party pretends to act as such for us, you can put him down as a swindler.

WE CANNOT change the address of a subscriber, unless he gives us his *former* as well as his present address.

REJECTED MANUSCRIPTS.—We will not return rejected manuscripts.

OUR TERMS.

Single copies, $3 per annum; four copies, $10, which is $2.50 a copy; eight copies, $20. The party who sends us $20 for a club of eight copies, (all sent at one time,) will be entitled to a copy *free*. Postmasters and others who get up clubs, in their respective towns, can afterwards add single copies at $2.50. No subscriptions taken for a less period than one year. Canada subscribers must send twenty cents in addition to the subscription, to pay the American postage. When a draft or money-order can conveniently be sent, it will be preferred, as it will prevent the possibility of the loss of money by mail. The postage on the *Ledger* to all parts of the country is only twenty cents a year, or five cents a quarter, payable at the office where the paper is delivered.

☞ We employ no travelling agents. Address all communications to

ROBERT BONNER, Publisher,
No. 90 Beekman street, New York.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A BUSY LIFE.

By HORACE GREELEY.

No. VII.

MY APPRENTICESHIP.

Having loved and devoured newspapers—indeed, every form of periodical—from childhood, I early resolved to be a printer if I could. When but eleven years old, hearing that an apprentice was wanted in the newspaper office at Whitehall, I accompanied my father to that office, and tried hard to find favor in the printer's eyes; but he promptly rejected me as too young, and would not relent; so I went home downcast and sorrowful. No new opportunity was presented till the spring of 1826, when an apprentice was advertised for by the publishers of *The Northern Spectator*, at East Poultney, Vt. That paper had just been purchased by an association of the leading citizens of the place from its founders, Messrs. Smith and Shute, who had started it as *The Poultney Gazette*, three or four years before. The village, though larger and more active then than now, was not adequate to the support of a newspaper; but the citizens thought otherwise, and resolved to maintain one, under the management of a committee. So they hired from New York an editor—Mr. E. G. Stone, brother of the more distinguished editor of *The Commercial Advertiser*—paid handsomely for the printing-office and good will, and went ahead. Much of the old force leaving with the retiring publishers, there was room for a new apprentice, and I wanted the place. My father was about leaving for the wide West in quest of a future home; so, not needing my services, he readily acceded to my wishes. I walked over to Poultney, saw the publishers, came to an understanding with them, and returned; and, a few days afterward—April 18th, 1826—my father took me down and verbally agreed with them for my services. I was to remain till twenty years of age, be allowed my board only for six months, and thereafter forty dollars per annum for my clothing. So I stopped and went to work, while he returned to Westhaven, and soon left in quest of a more inviting region. He made his way to the township of Wayne, Erie county, Pennsylvania, on the State line opposite Clymer, Chautauqua county, N. Y., a spot where his brothers Benjamin and Leonard had, three or four years earlier, made holes in the tall, dense forest, which then covered nearly all that region for twenty to fifty miles in every direction. He bought out first one, then another pioneer, until he had at length two or three hundred acres of good land, but covered with a heavy growth of beach, maple, elm, hemlock, &c. Having made his first purchase—which included a log hut, and four acres of clearing—he returned for his family, and I walked over from Poultney to spend a Sabbath with and bid them farewell.

It was a sad parting. We had seen hard times together, and were very fondly attached to each other. I was urged by some of my kindred to give up Poultney—where there were some things in the office not exactly to my mind—and accompany them to their new home, whence, they urged, I could easily find, in its vicinity, another and better chance to learn my chosen trade. I was strongly tempted to comply; but it would have been bad faith to do so, and I turned my face toward Poultney with dry eyes but a heavy heart. A word from my mother, at the critical moment, might have overcome my resolution; but she did not speak it, and I went my way; leaving them soon to travel much farther, and in an opposite direction. After the parting was over, and I well on my way, I was strongly tempted to return; and my walk back to Poultney (12 miles) was one of the slowest and saddest of my life.

I have ever since been thankful that I did not yield to the temptation of the hour. Poultney was a capital place to serve an apprenticeship. Essentially a rural community, her people are at once intelligent and moral; and there are few villages wherein the incitements to dissipation and vice are fewer or less obtrusive. The organization and management of our establishment were vicious; for an apprentice should have one master, and I had a succession of them, and often two or three at once. First, our editor left us; next, the company broke up or broke down, as any one might have known it would; and a mercantile firm in the village became owners and managers of the concern; and so we had a succession of editors and of printers. These changes enabled me to demand and receive a more liberal allowance for the later years of my apprenticeship; but the office was too laxly ruled for the most part, and, as to instruction, every one had perfect liberty to learn what he could. In fact, as but two or at most three persons were employed in the printing department, it would have puzzled an apprentice to avoid a practical knowledge of whatever was done there. I had not been there a year before my hands were blistered and my back lamed by working off the very considerable edition of the paper on an old-fashioned, two-pull Ramage (wooden) press—a task beyond my boyish strength—and I can scarcely recall a day wherein we were not hurried by our work. I would not imply that I worked too hard—yet I think few apprentices work more steadily and faithfully than I did throughout the four years and over of my stay in Poultney. While I lived at home, I had always been allowed a day's fishing, at least once a month in spring and summer, and I once went hunting; but I never fished, nor hunted, nor attended a dance, nor any sort of party or fandango, in Poultney. I doubt that I even played a game of ball.

Yet I was ever considerately and even kindly treated by those in authority over me, and I believe I generally merited and enjoyed their confidence and good-will. Very seldom was a word of reproach or dissatisfaction addressed to me by one of them. Though I worked diligently, I found much time for reading, and might have had more, had every leisure hour been carefully improved. I had been generously loaned books from the Minot house while in Westhaven; I found good ones abundant and accessible in Poultney, where I first made the acquaintance of a public library. I have never since found at once books and opportunity to enjoy them so ample as while there; I do not think I ever before or since read to so much profit. They say that apprenticeship is distasteful to and out of fashion with the boys of our day; if so, I regret it for their sakes. To the youth who asks, "How shall I obtain an education?" I would answer, "Learn a trade of a good master." I hold firmly that most boys may thus better acquire the knowledge they need than by spending four years in college.

I was kindly allowed to visit my father's family in their new western home twice during my apprenticeship, having a furlough of a month in either instance. I made either journey by way of the Erie canal, on those line-boats whose "cent and a half a mile, a mile and a half an hour" so many yet remember. Railroads, as yet, were not; the days passed slowly yet smoothly on those gliding arks, being enlivened by various sedentary games; but the nights were tedious beyond any sleeping-car experience. At daybreak, you were routed out of your shabby, shelf-like berth, and driven on deck to swallow fog while the cabin was cleared of its beds and made ready for breakfast. I say nothing as to "the good old times;" but, if any one seeks to recall the good old line-boats, I object. And the wretched little tubs that then did duty for steamboats on Lake Erie were scarcely less conducive to the increase and diffusion of human misery. I have suffered in them to the extent of mortal endurance; I have left one at Dunkirk and walked twenty miles to Westfield instead of keeping on by boat at a trifling charge, simply because flesh and blood could bear the torture no longer. I trust I have due respect for "the good old ways" we often hear of; yet I feel that this earthly life has been practically lengthened and sweetened by the invention and construction of railroads.

Among the incidents of my sojourn in Poultney that made most impression on my mind, is a fugitive slave-chase. New York had professed to abolish Slavery years before, but had ordained that certain born slaves should remain such till twenty-eight years old; and the year of jubilee for certain of these had not yet come. A young negro, who must have been uninstructed in the sacredness of constitutional guaranties, the rights of property, &c., &c., &c., feloniously abstracted himself from his master in a neighboring New York town, and conveyed the chattel personal to our village; where he was at work when said master, with due process and following, came over to reclaim and recover the goods. I never saw so large a muster of men and boys so suddenly on our village-green as his advent incited; and the result was a speedy disappearance of the chattel, and the return of his master, disconsolate and niggerless, to the place whence he came. Everything on our side was *impromptu* and instinctive; and nobody suggested that envy or hate of "the South," or of New York, or of the master, had impelled the rescue. Our people hated injustice and oppression, and acted as if they could n't help it.

Another fresh recollection of those far-off days concerns our Poultney celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of American Independence. I know we still celebrate the Fourth of July; but it does seem to me that the glory has departed. In those times, we had always from twenty to fifty Revolutionary soldiers on the platform—veterans of 70 to 90 years, in whom the recurrence of the nation's anniversary seemed to rekindle "the light of other days." The semi-centennial celebration brought out these in full force—the gatherings were unusually large and the services impressive; since few of those present, and none of the veterans, could rationally hope to see its repetition. The Declaration of Independence sounded far less antediluvian than it now does; the quarrel of the colonists with King George, if not recent, was yet real; and the old soldiers forgot for a day their rheumatism, their decrepitude, and their poverty, and were proud of their by-gone hardships and their abiding scars. I doubt that Poultney has since been so thrilled with patriotic emotion as on the 4th of July, 1826; and when we learned, a few days later, that John Adams and Thomas Jefferson, the author and the great champion of the Declaration, had both died on that day, and that the messengers bearing South and North respectively the tidings of their decease had met in Philadelphia under the shadow of that Hall in which our Independence was declared, it seemed that a Divine attestation had solemnly hallowed and sanctified the great anniversary by the impressive ministration of Death.

Our paper was intensely Adams and Clay before and in the Presidential struggle of 1828, and our whole community sympathized with its preference. The defection of our State's foremost politician, Gov. Cornelius P. Van Ness, after he had vainly tried, while professing to be an Adams man, to vault from the Governor's chair into the U. S. Senate, created a passing ripple on the face of the current, but did not begin to stem it. A few active yet unpopular politicians went over with him; but the masses stood firm, especially in our section, where the influence of Hon. Rollin C. Mallary, our representative in Congress, was unrivalled. The Jackson party nominated him for Congress; but that did not affect his position, nor much affect his vote, which in any case would have been nearly unanimous. We Vermonters were all Protectionists, and Mallary was the foremost champion of our cause in the House. He made a speech in Poultney the evening before the election, when, though the omens were sinister, we still hoped that Adams might be reëlected. The Jackson paper nearest us headed its Electoral Ticket, "For Gen. Jackson and a Protective Tariff;" and Jackson men all over the North and West protested that their party was as decidedly for Protection as ours; pointing to the attitude of Pennsylvania, at once the leading Protectionist and the strongest Jackson State; but we could not help seeing that all the Free Traders were for Jackson; that Calhoun was running with him for Vice-President; and that South Carolina was threatening Nullification and forcible resistance if the Protective policy were not abandoned; and we concluded that either Pennsylvania or Carolina must be cheated, and that the latter would take good care not to be. So Mr. Mallary urged us to stand fast by those whom we *knew* to be devoted to our cherished policy, rather than try those whose professions were discredited by notorious facts; and the response in our section was enthusiastic. Poultney gave next day 334 votes for Adams and 4 for Jackson. I doubt that her vote has ever since been so unanimous or so strong. And, though the general result was heavily adverse to our desperate hopes—only New England, not quite half of New York, New Jersey, Delaware and part of Maryland, giving Mr. Adams their votes, while Pennsylvania, the rest of New York and all the South and West, went against him—we had the poor consolation that, for whatever disaster the political revolution might involve, no shadow of responsibility could rest on our own Vermont.

DAISY DAY:—A REMINISCENCE OF TRAVEL.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

——*Carpe Diem!*—HOR.

It was in an Irish city,
In the pleasant month of May,
That I met the clever, pretty,
Lively, lovely Daisy Day.
Like myself, a transient ranger
From Columbia's troubled shore,
Could I deem her quite a stranger,
Though we never met before?

Love of country—so despotic
In our precious native land,—
Finds us doubly patriotic,
Straying on a foreign strand;
Hence, perhaps, her friendly manner,
And my pulse's quicker play,
When, beneath St. Patrick's banner,
I accosted Daisy Day.

Bless me! how all eyes were centered
On her, when the parlor door
Opened, and the lady entered
Like a queen upon the floor!
'Twas as if, that summer even,
Some superlative perfume,
Wafted by the breath of Heaven,
Suddenly had filled the room!

Happy favorite of Nature,
Hebe in her sunny face,
Juno in her queenly stature,
More than Juno in her grace,
Eyes befitting Beauty's goddess,
Mouth to steal your heart away,
Bust that strained her ample boddice—
Such was charming Daisy Day!

Well—what then?—Ah! Holy Mother!
Pardon one pathetic sigh;
She's the "partner" of another,
And—I own it—so am I!
But a poet owes to Beauty
More than common men can pay,
And I've done my simple duty,
Singing thus of Daisy Day!

LA FAYETTE AFTER THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

BY JAMES PARTON.

From the close of the American war for independence, to the beginning of the French Revolution, a period of six years elapsed, during which France suffered much from the exhaustion of her resources in aiding the Americans. La Fayette lived at Paris, openly professing republicanism, which was then the surest passport to the favor both of the people and of the Court. The queen of France herself favored the republican party, though without understanding its objects or tendencies. La Fayette naturally became the organ and spokesman of those who desired a reform in the government. He recommended, even in the palace of the king, the restoration of civil rights to the Protestants; the suppression of the heavy and odious tax upon salt; the reform of the criminal courts; and he denounced the waste of the public money upon princes and court favorites.

The Assembly of the Notables convened, in 1787, to consider the state of the kingdom. La Fayette was its most conspicuous and trusted member, and it was he who demanded a convocation of the representatives of all the departments of France, for the purpose of devising a permanent remedy for the evils under which France was suffering.

"What, sir," said one of the royal princes to La Fayette, "do you really demand the assembling of a general congress of France?"

"Yes, my lord," replied La Fayette, "and *more than that*."

Despite the opposition of the court, this memorable congress met at Paris in 1789, and La Fayette represented in it the nobility of his province. It was he who presented the "Declaration of Rights," drawn upon the model of those with which he had been familiar in America, and it was finally adopted. It was he, also, who made the ministers of the crown responsible for their acts, and for the consequences of their acts.

When this national assembly was declared permanent, La Fayette was elected its vice-president, and it was in that character that, after the taking of the Bastile, he went to the scene, at the head of a deputation of sixty members, to congratulate the people upon their triumph. The next day, a city-guard was organized to preserve the peace of Paris, and the question arose in the assembly, who should command it. The president rose and pointed to the bust of La Fayette, presented by the State of Virginia to the city of Paris. The hint was sufficient, and La Fayette was elected to the post by acclamation. He called his citizen soldiers by the name of National Guard, and he distinguished them by a tri-colored cockade, and all Paris immediately fluttered with tri-colored ribbons and badges.

"This cockade," said La Fayette, as he presented one to the National Assembly, "will make the tour of the world."

From the time of his acceptance of the command of the National Guard, the career of La Fayette changed its character, and the change became more and more marked as the revolution proceeded. Hitherto, he had been chiefly employed in rousing the sentiment of liberty in the minds of his countrymen; but now that the flame threatened to become a dangerous conflagration, it devolved upon him to stay its ravages. It was a task beyond human strength, but he most gallantly attempted it. On some occasions he rescued with his own hands the victims of the popular fury, and arrested the cockaded assassins who would have destroyed them. But even his great popularity was ineffectual to prevent the massacre of innocent citizens; and, more than once, overwhelmed with grief and disgust, he threatened to throw up his command.

On that celebrated day when sixty thousand of the people of Paris poured in a tumultuous flood into the park of Versailles, and surrounded the palace of the king, La Fayette was compelled to join the throng, in order, if possible, to control its movements. He arrived in the evening, and spent the whole night in posting the National Guard about the palace, and taking measures to secure the safety of the royal family. At the dawn of day he threw himself upon the bed for a few minutes' repose. Suddenly, the alarm was sounded. Some infuriated men had broken into the palace, killed two of the king's body-guard, and rushed into the bed-chamber of the queen, a minute or two after she had escaped from it. La Fayette ran to the scene, followed by some of the National Guard, and found all the royal family assembled in the king's chamber, trembling for their lives. Beneath the windows of the apartment was a roaring sea of upturned faces, scarcely kept back by a thin line of National Guards. La Fayette stepped out upon the balcony, and tried to address the crowd, but could not make himself heard. He then led out upon the balcony the beautiful queen, Marie Antoinette, and kissed her hand; then seizing one of the body-guard, embraced him, and placed his own cockade upon the soldier's hat. At once, the temper of the multitude was changed, and theery burst forth:

"Long live the general! Long live the queen! Long live the body-guards!"

It was immediately announced that the king would go with the people to Paris; which had the effect of completely allaying their passions. During the long march of ten miles, La Fayette rode close to the door of the king's carriage, and thus conducted him in the midst of the tramping crowd, in safety to the Tuileries. When the royal family was once more secure within its walls, one of the ladies, the daughter of the late king, threw herself in the arms of La Fayette, exclaiming:

"General, you have saved us!"

From this moment dates the decline of La Fayette's popularity; and his actions, moderate and wise, continually lessened it. He demanded, as a member of the National Assembly, that persons accused of treason should be fairly tried by a jury, and he exerted all his power, while giving a constituion to his country, to preserve the monarchy.

To appease the suspicions of the people that the king meditated a flight from Paris, he declared that he would answer with his head for the king's remaining. When, therefore, in June, 1791, the king and queen made their blundering attempt to escape, La Fayette was immediately suspected of having secretly aided it. Danton cried out at the Jacobin club:

"We must have the person of the king, or the head of the commanding general!"

It was in vain that, after the king's return, he ceased to pay him royal honors: nothing could remove the suspicions of the people. Indeed, he still openly advised the preservation of the monarchy, and when a mob demanded the suppression of the royal power, and threatened violence to the National Guard, the General, after warning them to disperse, ordered the troops to fire; an action which totally destroyed his popularity and influence. Soon after he resigned his commission and his seat in the assembly, and withdrew to one of his country seats.

He was not long allowed to remain in seclusion. The allied dynasties of Europe, justly alarmed at the course of events in Paris, threatened the new republic with war. La Fayette was appointed to command one of the three armies gathered to defend the frontiers. While he was disciplining his troops, and preparing to defend the country, he kept an anxious eye upon Paris, and saw with ever-increasing alarm the prevalence of the savage element in the national politics. In 1792, he had the boldness to write a letter to the National Assembly, demanding the suppression of the clubs, and the restoration of the king to the place and power assigned him by the constitution.

Learning, soon after, the new outrages put upon the king, he suddenly left his army and appeared at the bar of the assembly accompanied by a single aide-de-camp; there he renewed his demands, amid the applause of the moderate members; but a member of the opposite party adroitly asked:

"Is the enemy conquered? Is the country delivered, since General La Fayette is in Paris?"

"No," replied he, "the country is not delivered; the situation is unchanged; and nevertheless the general of one of our armies is in Paris."

After a stormy debate the assembly declared that he had violated the constitution in making himself the organ of an army legally incapable of deliberating, and had rendered himself amenable to the minister of war for leaving his post without permission. Repulsed thus by the assembly, coldly received at court, and rejected by the National Guard, he returned to his army despairing of the country. There he made one more attempt to save the king by inducing him to come to his camp and fight for his throne. This project being rejected, and the author of it denounced by Robespierre, his bust publicly burned in Paris, and the medal formerly voted him broken by the hand of the executioner, he deemed it necessary to seek an asylum in a neutral country. Having provided for the safety of his army, he crossed the frontiers, in August, 1792, accompanied by twenty-one persons, all of whom on passing an Austrian post were taken prisoners, and La Fayette was thrown into a dungeon. His noble wife, who had beeu for fifteen months a prisoner in Paris, hastened after her release to share her husband's captivity.

For five years, in spite of the remonstrances of England, America, and the friends of liberty everywhere, La Fayette remained a prisoner. To every demand for his liberation, the Austrian government replied, with its usual stupidity, that the liberty of La Fayette was incompatible with the safety of the governments of Europe. He owed his liberation, at length, to General Bonaparte, and it required all *his* great authority to procure it. When La Fayette was presented to Napoleon to thank him for his interference, the First Consul said to him:

"I don't know what the devil you have done to the Austrians; but it cost them a mighty struggle to let you go."

La Fayette voted publicly against making Napoleon consul for life, and against the establishment of the empire. Notwithstanding this, Napoleon and he remained very good friends. The emperor said of him one day:

"Everybody in France is corrected of his extreme ideas of liberty except one man, and that man is La Fayette. You see him now tranquil: very well; if he had an opportunity to serve his chimeras, he would re-appear upon the scene more ardent than ever."

Upon his return to France he was granted the pension belonging to the military rank he had held under the republic, and he recovered a competent estate from the property of his wife. Napoleon also gave a military commission to his son, George Washington, and when the Bourbons were restored, La Fayette received an indemnity of four hundred and fifty thousand francs.

Napoleon's remark proved correct. La Fayette, though he spent most of the evening of his life in directing the cultivation of his estates, was always present at every crisis in the affairs of France to plead the cause of constitutional liberty. He made a fine remark once in its defence, when taunted with the horrors of the French Revolution:

"The tyranny of 1793," he said, "was no more a republic than the massacre of St. Bartholemew was a religion."

His visit to America, in 1824, is well remembered. He was the guest of the nation, and Congress, in recompense of his expenditures during the Revolutionary War, made him a grant of two hundred thousand dollars and an extensive tract of land. It was La Fayette who, in 1830, was chiefly instrumental in placing a constitutional monarch upon the throne of France. The last words he ever spoke in public were uttered in behalf of the French refugees who had fled from France for offences merely political; and the last words he ever wrote rcommended the abolition of slavery. He died May 19, 1834, aged seventy-seven. His son, George Washington, always the friend of liberty, like his father, died in 1849. Two grandsons of La Fayette are still living in France, both of whom have been in public life, and will probably be heard of again when France once more has a public life.

◆

—The first and only story that CHARLES DICKENS ever wrote for an American publication, was written expressly for the *New York Ledger*. It was published in three numbers of the *Ledger*, dated respectively August 20, August 27, and Sept. 3, 1859. We paid him five thousand dollars for it.

THE GALLOWS.

If society is ever to be improved by the hanging of such of its members as are fit neither to live nor die, they must be dismissed from the world in a manner different from that which is at present in vogue. Executions, as at present managed and reported, convey no moral lesson. They are sensational melodramas, and are so regarded by the public. From the "beginning of the end" in the condemned cell, to the drop scene on the gallows, the whole affair is theatrical. The tragedy opens with occasional glimpses of the prisoner in durance. The newspapers favor us with outline sketches of the culprit's personal appearance, accompanied by suggestions as to the probable light in which he or she regards the approaching denouement. Much interesting dialogue between intruding penny-a-liners and the harassed felon appears in print, and words of thrilling import are freely used by these mouthing gentry, whose delight it is to make the public flesh creep. Then come revelations of the spiritual condition of the miserable wretch, which in most cases is represented to be that of a saint triumphant. Upon the grand finale the "word-painters" of the press especially lay themselves out. The multitude cannot assist at the grand catastrophe; but next to the pleasure of seeing the cap drawn over the face of the law's victim, hearing the thud of the axe that cuts him or her off from among the living, and watching the last contortions, is the pleasure of reading the post-mortem dramatic sketches, in which these points of interest are brought out in strong relief. Hanging as at present managed is a stage-play on the scaffold; and the newspaper descriptions of the spectacle excite the multitude almost as much as the details of a prize-fight, *and in the same way*.

CURE FOR INHERENT LAZINESS.

Now and then one meets with an exceptional case in which energy seems to have been entirely omitted in the moral "make up" of the individual; but human beings totally devoid of this element of worldly success are about as rare as brawnless living skeletons. Given a single spark of energy, it may be increased and utilized by cultivation, just as an insignificant amount of muscle may be developed and invigorated by proper exercise.

When other means fail, the sharp spur of necessity will sometimes rouse the indolent from their apathy and *drive* them ahead. The parent who has tried "moral suasion" in vain upon a a slow-going, effortless son, should place him in a position where he must either labor or suffer. When it depends upon himself whether a man shall "sink or swim, survive or perish," in nine cases out of ten he will strike out and swim. If, on the other hand, not even the instinct of self-preservation can evercome his *vis inertia*, he might as well go down. He can do no good in this working world, and the sooner he leaves it for live men to bustle in, the better for himself and all concerned. But if there is a particle of the motive principle in the human drone, privation is pretty sure to render it active. The individuals who are dead to all the noblest incentives to exertion, should be subjected to the penal rule "he that will not work, neither shall he eat." The terrapin is naturally a dull traveller, but if you put fire on his back he makes extraordinary time for a cold-blooded reptile, and, a "bone-lazy" youth may generally be induced to bestir himself by an analogous appeal to his sensibilities.

Honors to Contributors to the New York Ledger.

The HON. GEORGE BANCROFT—whose excellent essays in the *Ledger* our old readers will recall, and who was recently appointed United States Minister to Prussia—has been received at Berlin with extraordinary honors, not only by Count Bismarck, the leading statesman of Europe at the present day, but by the king, by whom he has been entertained at a State dinner. Mr. BANCROFT will obtain the materials for some admirable articles during his official residence abroad.

The Hon. EDWARD EVERETT, the distinguished author of the Mount Vernon Papers, and many other contributions to the *Ledger*, and whose long and useful life was one almost uninterrupted series of triumphs, receives additional honors since his death. A statue of Mr. EVERETT, cast in bronze at Berlin, after a model by W. W. Story—son of the late Judge Story,—will be placed in the Public Garden, in Boston, and dedicated early in October. Hon. GEORGE S. HILLARD and EX-GOV. ANDREW are to perform parts in the ceremony.

CHARLES DICKENS, whose only original story for any American publication was written expressly for the New York *Ledger*, is about to revisit this country, after an interval of a quarter of a century since his former visit. The announcements in the newspapers indicate that he will be welcomed with even greater applause than he was before.

The Hon. HORACE GREELEY will undoubtedly be confirmed Minister to Austria, if he chooses to accept the office to which the President has nominated him.

◆

—A religious paper, in a carping criticism on Mr. Beecher, admits that he is "an honest man." This appreciation of honesty in another man, inclines us to believe the editor referred to to be an honest man himself, and that he will, as he promises in the following letter, make a "satisfactory explanation" of the charge of raising $200 on a piano which belonged to another party:

WEDNESDAY, A. M.,
Sept. 4, 1867.

DEAR SIR:—Am very busy, so excuse delay. Will call or send satisfactory explanation by or before Saturday. You are right in guessing, with Mr. Bonner, no "bad-look" was intended. A little misunderstanding between two "brethren." Yours truly, ——— ———

We are glad to learn that the editor frustrated the threats to proceed against him by an early repayment of the $200, and that the piano-forte was restored to the manufacturer, leaving only a claim of twenty odd dollars for damages, which, as appears by the above note, is to be amicably adjusted. We are rejoiced at this because the editor of some journal opposed to the harmony of the churches against whom no such charge has been brought, might otherwise make use of it to his disadvantage. Some malicious people, also, might have represented the alleged transaction as unjustifiable, even in bringing about a "great reformation." It is too bad that any religious paper should be so poorly supported that its editor, in his embarrassments, should forget, for a moment, whether a piece of property belongs to himself or somebody else. That is worse than requiring a horse to make fast time on a bad road. We have always thought that the editor of a nominally religious paper should stand well personally, and have his individual integrity unquestioned, like the late Hiram Woodruff's. A week or two ago, we proposed, for its moral effect, to raise the salaries of a certain class of clergymen rendered unamiable by their straightened circumstances. Now, we think it would have just as good an effect to raise the salaries of writers for denominational journals similarly situated. We for one are willing to contribute: we had a ride behind a good horse yesterday, and we feel in a liberal mood to-day. In fact, a ride behind a good horse at any time not only makes a man's head clear, but his heart warm.

◆

—The *Church Union* mentions as *the* distinguished writers for the *Ledger*, EDWARD EVERETT, HENRY WARD BEECHER and HORACE GREELEY. It might have added that the list of writers for the *Ledger* includes the names of CHARLES DICKENS, GEORGE BANCROFT, WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT, FITZ-GREENE HALLECK, GEORGE D. PRENTICE, Mrs. Stowe, Mrs. Sigourney, a President of the United States, the Presidents of twelve of our leading Colleges, and many other people eminent in literature. Mrs. Sigourney, whom the *Church Union* idolizes, wrote almost exclusively for the *Ledger* for a period of nearly ten years. We paid her for about one hundred poems.

EMMY ALVINE.

BY EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

Emmy Alvine is a sweet little girl,
Her mouth is as red as a ripe strawberry;
Her forehead like foam, and her neck like a pearl,
And her musical laughter is mellow and merry.
And the souls of all Aprils, sunny and wild,
Dwell in the deeps of her beautiful eyes;
For Emmy Alvine is a beautiful child,
And the mystery of beauty in goodness lies!

Seventeen summers, sweet Emmy Alvine,
Has blushed on the world, a perennial Rose—
Seventeen winters her tresses divine
Have caught all their darkness, unlit by their snows.
So Emmy Alvine is too young for me,
With her curly hair, and her baby-ways—
My frost and her bloom would as ill agree
As mid-winter crowned with the crown of the Mays.

The lilies that listen to hear her pass,
Would shrink at my shadow, and wither and die,
The daisies that love her would hide in the grass,
If they felt my bleak winterhood going by.
For I am too old to romance now,
I am too old to compliment,
Fifty winters have snowed on my brow—
What has my long life meant?

Once, I smote on the chords of the living Age,
I played with the Heart of Humanity!
I burned like a star on the poet's page—
And the world was in love with me!
I felt the fierce leap of her fiery blood,
As I clasped her neck with a king's embrace,
While the thunderous splendors of passionhood
Budded and bloomed in her face!

Oh, my soul has a memory grand as Time—
The memory of our noble youth,
When our windows were lit with the lights sublime
That fell from the awful heights of Truth!
When the days were seraphim-winged with flame,
Chaunting sweet psalms at the future's gate,
While I built the towers of a starry name
About the sphere of my glorious fate!

When the long, sweet spells of the exquisite nights
Were flushed to the heart, like a delicate flower,
With the wine of all subtle and strange delights
We spilled 'mid the roses of Cythera's bower!
But she fell from her plighted troth with me,
The faithless world—and I stand alone,
Crowned—with the ivy of Memory,
That climbs the shafts of my ruined throne.

Epitaph me—"His life was a lie!"
Bloodless old marbles, when I am dead,
So the Ages may read as they stagger by
The truest of me that was ever said!
Emmy Alvine, my poet-child,
When I fall asleep in that dreary time,
Come to my grave when the winds are wild,
And sing in the pauses a mournful rhyme—

And I shall hear you, and smile in my sleep,
Tho' the lids never lift, and the mouth is dumb,
I shall know you are near, tho' the shadows keep
Heavy and dark in my narrow home!
Sweet, will you miss me when I am gone,
I, that have stormed such a grief, thro' your May,
When the hand is dust that your tears fall on,
And the heart that loves you is cold for aye?

Percy, your cousin, is bold and strong,
With his falcon glances and bearded mouth,
He has the vigor I had when young,
And the fiery blood of the reckless South.
I am a passionate, weak old man—
I had my triumphs long ago,
When hot in my veins the young blood ran
In rivers of music, from heart to brow!

Give me one kiss, sweet Emmy Alvine,
You are dearer than life or fame—
I have kissed the mouth of her ripe red wine,
Drained her full cup—and the dregs were shame!
Give me one kiss, for my love that is vain,
Fill for one moment my life to the brim!
Then go, and forget there is sorrow and pain,
Anywhere under the sunshine—with him!

Emmy, you tremble, with childish grace
Dropping your bright head on my breast—
Ah, fair round pearl—ah, beautiful face,
Would that this ever might be thy rest;
Oh, snow on my lip and snow on my brow
Strong to divide us, would that I
Might sweep ye away with the breath of a vow
From the gardens of June where my sweet hopes lie!

Her wonderful eyes look straight in mine,
Her wonderful lips are saying slow:
"If you love her, I give to you Emmy Alvine.,
To love you forever in spite of the snow!"
Ah, Emmy Alvine, my beautiful May!
You have hedged me forever from winter and cold,
Tho' the life of your lover is wan and gray,
The heart of your husband can never grow old!

WINNING HER WAY.

By MRS. SOUTHWORTH,

AUTHOR OF "BRITOMARTE, THE MAN-HATER," "SELF-MADE," "THE HIDDEN HAND," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER LXXXI.

LENNY'S EXPERIENCES.

> Oh! strange new world
> That has such people in it! SHAKESPEARE.

The beldam was the first to awake. She looked at the child and asked if he had slept well, and if he had had anything to eat, and having received satisfactory answers, she set about preparing her own breakfast.

It was her daily custom, in returning home at evening, to pick up and put in her wallet almost any sort of trash she might find about the streets; not only rags, but paper, straw, dry leaves, chips, sticks, and so forth.

Of these she now made just fire enough in the rusty grate to boil her kettle and make her tea.

And then she took from a small bundle a store of crusts and bones and broken victuals, all of which she arranged on the end of the ricketty table; and so she made her morning meal.

"You may have what's left. And mind you take care of that child while I'm gone."

And with these orders, given of course to Meg, she put on her smashed bonnet and took her bundle of matches and went off to her usual haunts. And she did this, notwithstanding that she had received ten pounds the night before. Such with her was the force of habit, or of rapacity.

After she had gone Meg made a meal of the fragments she had left, and washed it down with the milk, now turned sour, that had been provided for Lenny on the preceding evening.

Then she cleared the table, and straightened the bed, and tidied the miserable room as well as she could.

All this time little Lenny was watching her gravely, and occasionally turning his eyes with solemn curiosity upon the sleeping men on the floor.

When Meg had got through her house-work, even to the rolling up of little Lenny's pallet, she came back to the child and sought to amuse him with the ancient histories entitled "Red Riding Hood," "Goody Two Shoes," "Cinderella," "Jack the Giant Killer," and so forth.

And although of course Lenny had heard these venerable chronicles a hundred times before—as what child has not?—he was ready to listen to them a hundred times more—as what child is not?

But at the end of every story he would ask:

"Met, why not Doosa tome?"

"Doosa will be sure to come, my pretty. Now let me tell you another story."

—"Tome soon?"

"Yes, she will come soon. Now let me tell you about Hop-O'-My-Thumb."

Lenny sighed.

Did you ever hear a baby sigh? It is the most pathetic sound in nature. Fortunately they don't often sigh; they generally prefer to scream.

Another story was told; and then a song was sung; and so with telling stories and singing songs, Meg tried to comfort and amuse the child.

But at last he said again:

"*Oh*, Met! *why* not Doosa tome? I want see Doosa, *so* bad." And his little lips began to tremble and his bosom to heave. But he had been taught that it was naughty to cry, so he struggled valiantly to keep from doing so. But how could he bear hope deferred any better than his biggers?

His courage at last gave way and he burst out sobbing:

"I want to see Doosa! I want to see Doosa! I want to see Doosa so bad!"

Meg took him up in her arms and began to walk him up and down the room and sing to him; but his heart-breaking sobs arose above her song; and at last in despair she herself burst into tears and dropped down into her chair and hugged him to her heart, sobbing:

"Oh, my pretty, pretty boy, what can Meg do to comfort you? It was such a sin to take you from your mother!"

What a germ of a perfect gentleman little Lenny was!

As soon as he saw that his crying grieved his friend, he stopped short with a gasp or two, and put his arms around her neck, and laid his face to her's, and began to kiss and coax her.

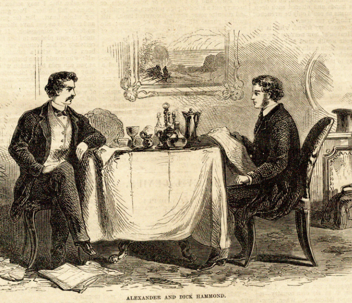
"Don't ky, Met; Lenny so sorry mate Meg ky! Don't ky, Met! Lenny be dood boy—'deed Lenny will! Let Lenny wipe eye."

And he took up the hem of his little frock, and tried to stretch it up to her eyes to dry her tears.

And she clasped him to her heart in almost hysterical passion, and kissed him, and shook him, and danced him until he laughed. And then a sort of tacit, but well-understood, compromise took place between them—that one would not cry if the other did not, that is if either could help it.

It was long past noon when the men 'woke from their drunken sleep.

First, Red Roger tumbled up from the floor,



ALEXANDER AND DICK HAMMOND.

rubbed his eyes, stared about him, yawned, and sat down on the side of the bed to steady himself.

Then he got up, and walked across the room to where Meg sat with the child. He stared at him for a few moments, while little Lenny met the stare with unquailing eyes, and Meg trembled lest the ruffian should miss the shilling from his pocket; and then, saying:

"Keep that little fellow close, mind you!"

He took himself off, greatly to Meg's relief.

Then Black Bill reared his lofty height from the boards, tottered on his feet, reeled towards the table, sat down upon it, for a few moments, to yawn and stretch his limbs, and then he went away.

These worthy gentlemen seldom breakfasted at home.

All that day, Meg had a hard time with little Lenny. The poor girl told all the stories and sung all the songs she knew, and did her best to comfort and amuse him. And the baby-boy tried his best to be a little gentleman, and to keep his promise not to cry; yet, every little while, he would burst into heart-breaking sobs and tears, and cries, the burden of which was:

"I want to see Doosa! I want to see Doosa so much!"

At length, late in the afternoon, he succumbed to the influence of excitement, and fell asleep. And then Meg made his pallet, with one hand, while she held him with the other, and laid him down.

Leaving him asleep, she went out and spent her last three-pence, left of the shilling, and bought him a mug of milk and a penny-roll for his supper. These she brought home, and put away. And then she sat down to watch by the sleeping boy.

That evening, Everage came in before the return of the others.

"I am glad I have found you alone, my girl," he said. "I have brought a little money to buy some clean bedding for the boy, and I think I would rather trust you to spend it than another. Can you do it?"

"Oh yes, sir."

"It doesn't take much to buy cheap bedding for a baby, and the cheaper you can get this the better, so it is clean. Here are ten shillings; will that do?"

"Yes, sir; and if there's any over I will keep it to buy milk for him."

"Quite right. And now let me look at him," said Everage, going up and gazing on the sleeping child.

There was a tear resting on little Lenny's rosy cheeks, which Everage in his awakening remorse could not endure to see; so he quickly turned away his head, and he asked Meg:

"Has the child cried much to-day?"

"Oh yes, sir; he has cried a great deal indeed for his mother."

"Poor child! But he will soon forget her, and—he shall be taken care of. We will get him to the Highlands after a while, and then he will grow into a sturdy mountaineer," said Everage to himself.

And soon after this he got up and went away.

Later, the two men and the woman came in and drank themselves drunk, and then flung themselves down to sleep themselves sober. Little Lenny slept on in his pallet watched by Meg.

So passed the first day of the child's captivity.

On the second and third days the old crone abandoned her post at St. Mary's le Strand, and, hoping to make more money by the beautiful boy, dressed him in rags, and telling him it was all for fun, and promising to take him to Drusilla, went out to beg with him.

But she carefully avoided the haunts where he or she had been seen, and took to other quarters of the city. On one of these begging excursions at the Railway Station, Lenny had recognized Dick and called to him, as has been related. But the beldam hastily covered the boy's head with a ragged shawl, plunged into the crowd and disappeared, leaving Dick bewildered.

On that night, when she took the child home to the miserable garret, she found Everage waiting there.

Everage was in a great panic. He told her that posters were out all over London advertising the loss of the child, describing his person and dress, and offering a large reward for his recovery. He assured her that, if the child were found in their possession, the whole lot of them would be sent to prison and to penal servitude, and enjoined them to keep him very closely in the attic until a favorable opportunity should occur of taking him out of the country.

He promised them further and greater rewards if they would faithfully follow his instructions; and having received their pledge to obey him, he left the house.

From this day Lenny was confined to the miserable attic and taken care of by Meg. She watched him by night, and tended him by day; she washed, dressed and fed him; she tried to amuse and console him; she sung all the songs she knew and told all the tales; and she wept when he cried, and she smiled when he laughed; and, though her nature was truthful, she told lots of lies to little Lenny to account for the non-appearance of Doosa, promising every morning that Doosa would certainly come that day.

Little Lenny at first believed this; but daily disappointment at length disturbed his faith. And day by day he pined and pined, wailing in a tone of despair that nearly broke Meg's heart:

"No, no, no, Doosa not tome. *Doosa done away! Doosa done away!*"

CHAPTER LXXXII.

THE PEACE-OFFERING.

> "I give thee all
> I can, no more."

Alexander Lyon arrived in London on the morning train, and in a pouring rain. He was pale and faint from his long illness and his fatiguing journey, but he was sustained by intense mental excitement.

His first thought, on leaving the train, was this:

How should he find his lost child in this boundless Babylon?

For the advertisement in the Times, of that morning, had already informed him that the baby-boy was still missing.

Sending on his valet with his luggage to Mivart's, he himself got into a cab and drove to the Morley House. Arrived there, he went into the reading-room to make inquiries, for the child might have been found, even after that last advertisement had been sent to the paper.

"Has the lost boy been found up to this morning?" he inquired of the bookkeeper or clerk of the house.

"No, sir,—nor ever will be, I fear; but here is Mr. Hammond—perhaps he can tell you more," answered that official.

Alexander turned, and found himself face to face with Dick.

They had parted in anger the last time they had spoken together; but now, for different reasons. both forgot that anger,—Alexander, in his recovered sanity and in his gratitude for Dick's services; and Dick himself in the frankness of his heart and the compassion he felt for the sick and suffering man. Their hands met, and—

"Dick!"

"Alick!"

—were the first words they spoke.

"Has the child been heard of?"

"No," sighed Hammond.

"Come out, and walk with me; I wish to ask you about *her*."

"But it is pouring rain, and you have been ill. You are so still. Let us go into some unoccupied private parlor, and have coffee ordered there. You will need it."

"Just as you please, Dick."

Hammond beckoned a waiter to show them to a private room; and, when they had reached it, he ordered breakfast for two to be brought there.

"Now tell me of *her*. How is she? How does she bear this heavy sorrow?" inquired Alexander, as soon as the waiter had left the room.

"Badly enough. She scarcely ever eats or sleeps. She is wasted to a shadow. She is dying—she will die, unless the child is restored," answered Dick.

"The child shall be restored, if he is above ground!" said Alick, bringing his fist down heavily upon the table.

Dick shook his head, and sighed.

"I tell you he shall. I arose from my death-bed to seek for him, and find him, and bring him to his mother—and I will do it!"

"Will you go to her and tell her that?" said Dick, solemnly.

"No, I will not. There is too much—too much to be forgiven me. I will not go near her until I can place her child in her arms. And, Hammond, mind, this is a confidential interview—do not speak to her of it, or of me."

"Certainly not, if such is your wish."

"Does she pray now as she used to pray in all her troubles?"

"She does little else than pray; she does nothing else but pray and search for her child."

"*She* search?"

"Yes, she lives in a cab; has lived so ever since the child was lost."

"And does she believe that she will find him?"

"Yes. She believes that he is alive, and therefore to be found. It is her belief in that theory which keeps her alive through all the agony of suspense. If she thought he was dead she would die. I am sure of it."

"Keep up that faith in her heart, Dick. Lead her to believe also in the restitution of her child as an event that may occur any day, any hour, as you know it may."

Dick sighed heavily.

"But it may! And it shall! I, too, sinner that I am, have learned to pray. I pray daily, hourly, that I may be permitted to find the child and bring it as a peace offering to my dear, injured wife. And I shall do it. I feel sure that I shall."

"Heaven grant that you may," sighed Dick; "but recollect that already every thing has been done that experience, interest, energy, money, skill, can do."

"But not all that *despair* can do! Oh, Dick! I have so set my heart on finding this child and bringing him to his mother that I shall surely do it!"

"The Lord send it."

"And therefore, Dick, I want you to prepare her to expect the child; or, rather, to believe it probable that he will soon be found; so that when I do bring him to her she may not die from a shock of joy."

"I will do as you request, Alick; but I shall have to act with great discretion in the matter."

"Certainly you will, and you can. Does she know anything about——" Alick hesitated to name the *affair of honor* of which he was now so heartily ashamed. "Does she know any thing about——"

"Your illness in Jersey, or its cause?" said Dick, delicately coming to his help. "Of course not. We were not going to tell her anything to add to her troubles."

"You were right!—— But what a heartless wretch she must think me, to be in town and to show no interest in the loss of my own child!" exclaimed Alexander.

Dick could not help remembering that Drusilla had had quite cause enough to believe him a "heartless wretch" without this. But Dick was very good-natured, so he said:

"She knows that you were not in town. She went to your hotel at once to apprize you of the loss of your child——"

"She did! Drusilla did that!" exclaimed Alexander, interrupting him.

"Yes, she did—within an hour after the discovery was made, and——"

"Bless her! bless her!" fervently ejaculated Alexander.

—"She was told that you had left town for Southampton. I think she received the impression that you had sailed for America."

"I am very glad of that. But is it not strange that she did not see that ill-natured paragraph in the papers referring to the——"

"Not at all. The paragraph in question was in but one day's issue, and that was the day she was in her greatest agony about her child; and besides, she never has looked at paper or book since her heavy loss. She has done nothing but pray and search, as I said before."

"Poor child! poor child! Dick, tell her nothing of me. I do not wish that she shall see me, or hear from me, until I bring her the child. But give my love and thanks to my uncle, and tell *him* what I am about. But here comes the waiter."

Breakfast was brought in and arranged upon the table, and the friends drew up to it.

Alexander ate nothing, but he drank down in quick succession about six cups of coffee; for "sorrow is dry," just as surely as if the drunkards had never said it was, and made it an excuse for more drinking.

Then Alexander got up from the table and said:

"I would like to meet you here every morning about this hour for a few minutes to compare notes. Would it be convenient or agreeable?"

"Certainly—both, Alick. I am entirely at your service. And God grant you success!"

Then Alexander took up his hat and gloves, saying:

"I am going to Police Head-Quarters first."

Dick laughed lugubriously.

"Alick,' he said, "the detective police have been using their utmost skill to find the lost child. They have been hard at work for a month."

"I know it, but they work in a routine; they also have come to move in a groove. The thieves know the detectives' ways by this time and elude them. I shall go about the business in an original manner. Good-bye, Dick. I thank you earnestly for all your patient forbearance and goodness to me. Help them to take care of my poor girl."

"Certainly I will. But, Alick! do you take care of *yourself*. It is very damp."

"Never fear. No one takes cold who has so much else to think about and do. Well, once more—good-bye till to-morrow, Dick."

And the friends shook hands and parted.

Alexander threw himself into his cab, and drove off to Scotland-yard.

There he saw the chief of police, and had a long talk with him. Under the seal of confidence, he explained something of the circumstances of his marriage, his temporary estrangement from his wife, who bore his family name; and of his subsequent accession to the title and estate of Kilcrichtoun—a title which, it appeared, his wife shrank from sharing, until they should be reconciled. This, he said, he divulged that the chief might understand why it was that he took so deep an interest, and was willing to pay so high a reward, and give besides all his own time and attention for the recovery of the lost child.

These circumstances and all others he deemed necessary he explained to the chief, who, by the way, had heard it all before from Dick, although he did not deem it discreet to interrupt Lord Kilcrichtoun's narrative by telling him so.

Alexander also made some suggestions as to the best manner of conducting the further search, that the chief declared to have been inspired.

After leaving Scotland Yard, Alexander went to his apartments at Mivart's, where he found that his valet had unpacked and arranged his clothes and toilet apparatus, and had brought up the letters and papers that had accumulated for him during his absence.

He looked over his letters, but found nothing of great importance.

Then he sent for the clerk of the house and made inquiries as to who had called on him, or what had happened concerning him during the last month.

He heard in reply several things in which we are not interested, and one thing in which we are rather—namely, the visit of two ladies, who inquired for him in connection with the missing child.

Of course he knew at once that the ladies referred to must have been Anna and Drusilla, and the child little Lenny.

He made very particular inquiries concerning these visitors merely because he liked to hear of Drusilla; and having learned all that the clerk had to tell, he thanked and dismissed him.

For the next eight days Alexander occupied himself by carrying into execution all the ingenious plans he had originated for finding the child; but as none of these plans succeeded, it is not necessary to detail them.

It was fated that the father should find the child when he was not looking for him, but when he was in the act of performing a piece of disinterested benevolence.

And this is how it came about:

Among other better thoughts that had visited Alexander on his bed of illness were certain reflections in connection with his distant relative—our poor gentleman. His mind dwelt much upon the poor usher and his half-famished family, and he reproved himself for his late strange, incomprehensible blindness, thoughtlessness and selfishness in regard to them.

"A wife and six children to be fed and clothed on sixty pounds a year! Good Heaven! how could I have been so pre-occupied as not to think of this when I had the power to help them—I who fling away every day of my idle and worthless life as much as he gets for his hard work and usefulness a whole year. I ought to do something for him; I ought to have done it long ago. But the question is—what to do? He is as proud as Satan, and he would not take money."

After much reflection, Alexander hit upon a plan of helping the poor gentleman without hurting his pride. It was a plan that required some considerable sacrifice on Alexander's part; and when you hear of it I think you will say that it was generous, if not magnanimous.

On Alexander's arrival in London, and for the first eight days after that, he had been so occupied with the search for his child that he had almost forgotten his plans for the relief of poor Everage; but on this ninth day he opened his eyes in the morning with these thoughts:

"I have been here more than a week, and spent all my time, energy and ingenuity in the search, and I have not found my child yet."

And then he fell into profound reverie, in the midst of which some good angel whispered to his spirit:

"You have been here eight days, intent only upon finding your child and taking him to his mother as a peace offering, and all for your own happiness; and you have not once thought of the poor gentleman and his famishing family."

"No, I have not," said Alexander to himself, "when it would have required no more than fifteen minutes to have done it either. I will find time to see poor Everage to-day, and put him out of his misery."

And he kept his word.

He knew exactly where the Newton Institute was situated, and he knew the hour of the afternoon at which the boys were dismissed, and at that hour he walked towards the Institute to meet Everage as the latter should come out after his pupils. He met first the troop of boys, and afterwards saw *him* come creeping along. But oh! how changed since Alexander had last seen him! He was now pale, thin, haggard, and somewhat gray. His eyes were cast down, and his shoulders were bowed, and he crept along like an old man of eighty.

The truth is that the poor gentleman had mistaken his vocation—it was not that of a deep-dyed villain; he had no genius for crime, and, moreover, he had no stomach for it; it did not agree with him; he could not digest it; it made him ill, and was like to kill him unless he could get it off his stomach, or—his conscience."

His passions, his poverty, and his temptations had drawn him on to a deed which, just as soon as it was done, filled his soul with a corroding remorse.

Of all who suffered from the abduction of little Lenny, Clarence Everage, the abductor, suffered the most. Every night he was drawn by some irresistible influence to look upon his little victim.

He was himself a very loving father, and he had a little girl of Lenny's age, who was his favorite child, named Clara, after himself; and when he saw poor Lenny fading in the close confinement of that dark, damp attic, and for the want of sunshine, and weeping and wailing for his mother, the sinner's remorse was intensified to agony. He let his own family suffer that he might bring a few dainties to little Lenny.

The other lodgers in the house, who had never had a glimpse of the baby-boy, but who knew that a child had been put to "mind" with Mother Rooter, and who saw this poor, shabby gentleman come every night to bring it "goodies," jumped to the natural conclusion that he was the father of the boy, whom for some reason or other he was keeping in concealment; and this supposition shut out the suspicion that little Lenny was the missing child whose loss was posted all over London. We who know the facts easily see the connection between the two sets of circumstances; but they who did not even suspect them, could see no such relations.

So deep was the remorse of poor Everage, that it not only dried up his blood, and wasted his flesh, and bowed his frame, and blanched his hair, but it drove him to the desperate determination to take the child and go to police head-quarters and give himself up as its abductor. And so fixed was his resolution that he was only waiting for his wife to get safely over her confinement, which was daily expected, before he should do this.

In this very frame of mind, and thinking of this very purpose, he came down the street where Alexander was waiting for him.

"Poor soul!" thought Alick, as he gazed upon him, "he is ageing very fast. His cares are too much for him. Or, perhaps, he has been ill, or in some distress even greater than usual. I ought to have looked after him long ago. I will do it at once."

And Alick quickened his steps to overtake the poor gentleman, who, in his deep pre-occupation of mind, had passed without even lifting his eyes from the ground.

Alexander quickly overtook him, and, lightly touching his arm, said:

"Everage?"

The poor gentleman started, turned around, and, seeing Alexander, looked aghast, as a criminal might at a constable.

"How do you do, Everage? I fear you have been ill," said Alick.

Everage shook in every limb, and said nothing.

"You *have* been ill, that is plain enough! Come—shall we hail a cab, and go to Véry's? It is *my* turn how, you remember," said Alick, cheerfully.

But Everage continued to gaze at him aghast, until at length he got breath enough to gasp:

"Good Heaven, my lord, is it you?"

"Come, Everage; your nerves are all unstrung, and you are shocked to see me looking so like a ghost. Indeed, I had liked to have been one. But here I am, alive at least, and likely to get well. Come—shall it be Véry's?"

"No, no, no—not that!" groaned the poor gentleman.

"The green-turtle soup is prime; now shall we go to that place in the Exchange?"

"No, no, no, Lord Kilcrichtoun! I can go nowhere to eat or to drink with you! I cannot, I cannot! Heaven have mercy on me! I am a lost soul."

"Why, what is the matter with you, Everage?"

"I am ill, ill, ill!"

"Your nervous system is broken down; life has been too hard with you, my friend! But come—I have news for you that will cheer you up! Let us drop into the nearest tavern, and get a private room, where we may converse confidentially,—here is the 'King's Head' near, shall we go there and have something comfortable?"

"No, no, no; I told you I would go nowhere to eat or drink with you, my lord!"

"Is your digestive apparatus so much out of order as all that? Well, then, if we don't go to eat and drink, we will go to talk. I tell you I have news for you—'you will hear of something to your advantage,' as the mysterious newspaper paragraphs say."

"Well, well, I will go with you, my lord; and perhaps I will tell you 'something to *your* advantage,'" he muttered, in a low tone.

So they went to the "King's Head," and Alick called for a private parlor, where they sat down to talk.

"Everage," said Alick, gravely, "I have had a long and dangerous fit of illness, from which I have scarcely yet recovered."

"Indeed, my lord! I had not heard of it; but, really, now I observe that you do not look well. I am sorry, my lord."

"Everage, you heard of the affair in which I was engaged? the——"

The word stuck in his throat; he would not utter it.

Everage looked puzzled for a moment.

"You know—the affair in which I was engaged in Jersey? the——"

"Oh, yes, certainly, my lord; I heard of the——"

And, in courtesy, the poor gentleman paused exactly where his friend had done.

"Well, Everage, I was severely wounded, and, in the illness that followed, I came nearer facing my Judge than I ever expected to do, without hearing my sentence. In the convalescence that followed, you may believe that I was brought to very serious reflection. Among other subjects, I thought of you, Everage, and took myself to task for not having done so before—nay, now, do not shrink and turn from me; I mean no such an impertinence as patronage to you, Everage. I would just as soon venture to patronize one of the royal princes. But I thought of a plan for improving the circumstances of your family, which even you might meet without detriment to your honest pride."

"Oh, Heaven! oh, Heaven, have mercy on me!" groaned the poor gentleman.

"Everage, you are exhausted; you really *must* have something," said Alick.

And he rang for a waiter, and ordered brandy; which was quickly brought.

Eveaage gulped a small glassfull, and then said:

"You thought of me—you thought of me on your sick-bed! You think of me still in your days of deep affliction! for you *cannot* have come to London without learning the loss of——"

Everage's voice broke down in sobs.

"My child? yes; I learned the loss from the newspapers—from the very first newspapers that fell into my hands after I was convalescent. I have thought of little else since my arrival. For the last eight days, I have done nothing but devise and carry out plans for his recovery. But, this morning, I remembered you and your affairs, and reproached myself for forgetting them. So, now——"

"But, about your child,—how *can* you think of any one or of any thing while he is missing?"

"Because I cherish a great faith that I shall soon find him. But about your affairs. I wish to speak of *them*," said Alick.

The poor gentleman waved his hand with a gesture of resignation and became silent.

"Everage, on that bed of illness and of self-examination I made many a retrospection of my past life and many a resolution for my future one. Among my retrospections was a review of my motives in going to so much trouble and expense in establishing my claim to the Barony of Kilcrichtoun, which I really did not want. I believe now that my only incentives to that action were idleness and *ennui*. I had nothing to do; and I was weary of my life. But having made the discovery of my descent from the old baron, I took some little interest in tracing back the lineage; and found some little excitement in following up the investigation and proving my claim. But as soon as all that was over and I found myself addressed on all sides as 'Lord Kilcrichtoun,' 'your lordship,' and 'my lord,'—on my soul, Everage, I felt heartily ashamed of myself and the title——"

"Yet it is an ancient and honorable title," sighed the poor gentleman, and he thought—"He values it so lightly, this proud Virginian, while I—I have staked my soul upon the bare chance of some day gaining it!"

"Yes, it is an ancient and honorable title; and it would well become an English heir—it would well become yourself, Everage! And but for me you would have been the bearer of it."

"But for you, my lord, I should never have heard of my remote connection with it."

"Everage, my friend, will you do me the favor to leave out all reference to that title in speaking to me? To hear it so applied makes me feel like a fool; and that is a fact. I am a plain Republican gentleman, a little proud, or perhaps I should say, conceited, on account of my old State, and still more so in respect of my native country; but I am not such an ass as to want to be a 'Lord.' Enough of that. What I *have* said, what I may yet say of myself will only be to explain my plan for you. Listen, Everage; I shall not claim your attention very long."

"I am listening, sir."

"I am going to try to be reconciled to my poor wife. (My illness brought me to my senses on that subject also.) I am going to try to be reconciled to my wife; and then we are going to return to our native land. But before I do either—before I do anything—I shall make over the Kilcrichtoun estate to *you*."

At this announcement the poor gentleman sprang to his feet, as if he had been shot from his chair; then, sinking back again, he covered his face with his hands and uttered such deep, heart-rending groans as could only be wrenched from a bosom wrung by remorse.

"Everage! Everage! my friend, what is the matter? Good Heaven's! how nervous you are! How shattered your health must be! But you will recover your strength again when you leave this stifling atmosphere composed of smoke and fog, and get away to the bracing breezes of the Highlands!" said Alick, kindly.

"Too late! too late! too late!" moaned Everage.

"Too late? No it isn't. You have no fatal malady. You are only broken down by hard work! You will recover in the Highlands. Think how your children will enjoy the freedom and fine air of the mountains. And you can take them to Kilcrichtoun and enter on possession as soon as you like. The necssary deeds of conveyance of the land shall be made out as soon as I can get the slow lawyers to do it."

"It is too much! it is too much! Great Heaven! this is too much to bear! You overwhelm me, my lord!" groaned Everage.

"But why do you say so? Everage! look here! I really do think that you have more right—a great deal more right to the estate than I have. You and all your ancestors were British born. I and my immediate progenitors were American born. What right had I to come over here and claim this title and estate? None whatever in *right*, whatever I might have had in law. And I cannot continue to hold it and to transmit it to my son, unless I expatriate myself and become a British subject. And I will not do that. Therefore I do not *want* Kilcrichtoun. A man is not even to be thanked for giving away what he don't want. As I said before, I shall make over the whole of the landed estate to *you*. I wish to Heaven I could also give you the title; but that cannot be so transferred, I believe; so the title must be dropped; for, of course, I cannot continue to bear it in my own country—it would make me simply ridiculous. When, however, you become the owner of Kilcrichtoun, although you cannot be the baron, yet you will have the territorial title, according to the custom of Scotland. You will be called 'Kilcrichtoun,' or 'Everage of Kilcrichtoun.' Come, come! cheer up, man!"

"Too much! it is too much! too much and too late!" groanod the poor gentleman, as he sat with his hands clasped tightly around his head, his bosom heaving and his eyes streaming with tears.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

A LOVE CONFIDENCE.

Some years ago, at one of Dr. Y.'s *soirees* at Paris, I met a gentleman whose name was *not* O'Sullivan, but whom, for the sake of concealment, I shall so designate. I had never seen him before, nor were we upon that occasion introduced to each other; but this ceremony he soon rendered needless, by introducing himself.

"I beg ten thousand pardons, sir; if I am not greatly mistaken, your name is Fidkins." (I take the same privilege of concealment, under an assumed name, as I have allowed to my new friend.)

"Fidkins is my name."

"I beg ten thousand pardons again, sir; but if I am not greatly mistaken, you have lately published a novel called 'The Scheming Lover.'" (My novel, like my friend and myself, travels *incog.*)

"I have, sir."

"Why, then, sir, upon my honor and conscience, that is a mighty pretty thing to be able to say."

He smiled, bowed, and withdrew, and I, as in duty bound, was much amused at the oddity of the proceeding. Late in the evening, at Mr. O'Sullivan's especial request, Dr. Y. "favored" him with a formal introduction to me.

On the following morning, at an hour much earlier than is usual for paying visits of ceremony, my servant brought in Mr. O'Sullivan's card with Mr. O'Sullivan's most earnest request that I would grant him a quarter of an hour's interview. The rule being granted, as a lawyer would say, the gentleman entered; and after exhausting no inconsiderable portion of his time in preparatory "hems" and "haws," he thus began:

"I beg ten thousand pardons, sir; sir, I am the most unfortunate of existing creatures, and I come to beg your kind assistance. I have the misfortune, sir, to be most miserably in——"

"Debt," I expected he would have added, and accordingly made the most amiable preparations for expressing "my regret at my utter inability," etc.; but he continued—"Love."

It is astonishing with what celerity the sluices of our sympathy are opened, and how copious is the stream when it is not required to flow *Bankward* "Sir," said I, "I should be happy to be serviceable to you in any manner in the world; but really it seems to me that in a case of this nature——"

"Pardon me, sir, but that is the very thing; you are the very person of all others to assist me. As I said, sir, I am most awfully in love; but, unluckily, sir, I—I am bashful."

"And so, sir, you come to borrow a little of my superfluous impudence? I am flattered by the compliment."

"Don't misunderstand me, sir; pray don't. No, sir, the case is this: your book is full of love schemes, (and, upon my honor and conscience, very clever they are!) but it so happens there is not one amongst them that suits my particular case."

"Well, Mr. O'Sullivan, have the kindness to state your case, and if I can serve you I will."

"Why, then, sir, in the first place the lady is a widow—she's thirty-five or thereabouts; no great disparity between us, as I am thirty-two."

"Is the lady handsome?"

"Why—that's a mere matter of taste, but—why, yes, in my eyes, she—I think, is handsome. But now for the difficulty; she has eight hundred a year of her own."

"A difficulty, perhaps, but surely no objection, Mr. O'Sullivan."

"Why, yes, and it is. If I propose to her, people will say it is for the dirty lucre; when, if you could read my heart, Mr. Fidkins, you'd see that—besides, have I not exactly eight hundred a year of my own—in Ireland—setting aside for the last three years the rent won't come in—so as for her money, you see—but to make an end, sir, I am cruelly in love with her, and if she won't marry me, I'll die."

"But it seems you have not yet proposed to the lady. Now it strikes me that, as a preliminary step, you should do so; at least you should sound her affections; for should they be engaged in another quarter——"

"Don't talk of that, sir; the very thought of that drives me mad. But I'll follow your advice; I'll see her to-day, and, should she refuse me, let nobody think I'll live any longer."

On the following day he came to me again; the upshot of his interview with the lady had been a flat rejection. Upon many subsequent occasions he repeated his address, invariably with a similar effect; and upon each occasion I received the honor of his confidence, together with the alarming assurance that at length his heart was broken, and that for him the sun had risen for the last time.

It was in vain that I remonstrated with him on the folly of indulging a hopeless passion, and that I endeavored to persuade him to try, by a change of scene, to forget the cruel fair one—to quit Paris, and go to Rome, or Nova Scotia, or to carry out a stock of pigs, paupers, and poultry, and colonize some newly-discovered land. His parting phrase still—"'Tis all of no use; she won't marry me; I'm the most miserable of earth's creatures, and now I'll die."

Business suddenly called me to England. I had neither seen nor heard of, and had almost forgotten "the most miserable of earth's creatures," when one day, about two years and a half afterward, as I was going along Pall Mall, I met him. He came up to me, and shaking me violently by both hands, exclaimed—"My dear sir—my dear friend—at last I see you again. This is the happiest moment I have enjoyed for many a day! You remember that unhappy attachment of mine? I was the most miserable man alive *then!* I'm a million times more miserable *now!*"

"For shame, Mr. O'Sullivan," said I, "be a man, and forget her."

"Is it forget her you say? And how the divil will I forget her, when we've been married these two years, and the divil a sixpence has she got any more than myself."

THE EVIL GENIUS.

By ELIZA A. DUPUY,

AUTHOR OF "THE WHITE TERROR," "WARNING VOICE," "THE FATAL ERROR," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XLVII.

Mrs. Langley's house was but two miles distant. It was a pretty Norman French cottage, situated amid highly cultivated grounds, and Fenton found the mistress of the place in hat and shawl, overlooking the labors of two negro lads, who were clearing away the dead autumn leaves from the walks.

Mrs. Langley greeted him with some surprise.

"This is the first call you have honored me with since your return, Godfrey, and I am curious to learn what has brought you to see me at last."

Fenton dismounted, threw the bridle of his horse to one of the boys, and walked toward the house with her, as he replied:

"I came to you as a petitioner, Anna. But you should not reproach me for not calling on you, after the hard words you spoke to me the day we met at Silvermere. I scarcely thought I should be welcome."

"You know better than that. When I have said my say, I don't bear malice; and I have been so used to excuse your shortcomings, that, after my wrath spent itself, I was almost sorry that I had said so much. I cannot blame you very severely for being attracted by Opal, when there are so many reasons why you should be anxious to marry her. I was only unhappy about my brother, for you know how long he has loved her."

"It is unfortunate that Guy should have done so, but I am not responsible for that. He had the field open to himself when I was away, but I found Opal's heart open to the impression I have endeavored to make upon it. Our union is settled beyond a doubt, and I have come to you in the greatest perplexity as to what is to be done to warn Inez of the event that is so soon to take place."

"Inez? Is it possible that you have not broken with her before this? Do you come here to ask *me* to write and inform her of your approaching marriage?"

"Ah! if a letter only were in question, I could easily dispatch that myself. But Inez is on her way here now; she may be in Natchez in a few more days, and I wish you to meet her there; bring her home with you, and, as tenderly as possible, tell her that all is at an end between us."

Mrs. Langley looked very much displeased. She frigidly replied:

"It is asking a great deal of me; it is hardly fair for you to put on me this painful revelation. I was much interested in Miss Lopez, and, under different circumstances, I should be most happy to receive her as my guest; but, if she is to come to me half broken-hearted by your desertion, I had rather suffer the task of consoling her to devolve on some other person."

"You will not refuse me this vital favor, Anna?" he earnestly entreated. "I know it is asking a great deal, but if you have any sympathy for this poor girl, I beg that you will show it now. She will need a friend to counsel and protect her, that the world may be led to believe that she came south to visit you. What her father was thinking of when he commanded her to come hither alone, I cannot imagine."

"It is a strange thing for her to do; but why does not Mr. Lopez accompany her himself?"

"Why? Oh, I forgot that you know nothing of late occurrences in her home. Her father is dead; the will has been found, and Inez is a great heiress after all."

Mrs. Langley listened with eager interest, and she quickly exclaimed:

"Is it possible that the last is true, and yet you lingered near Opal. I begin to believe that she has really bewitched you in spite of your devotion to her rival last summer."

Fenton gravely inquired:

"Why should you doubt that I have discovered what is best for my own happiness? As I told you, my marriage with Opal is settled, and I am quite satisfied with the arrangement. I ask you, as my best and earliest friend, to aid me in the painful dilemma in which I find myself placed. Inez expects me to meet her in Natchez, but you must see that it is quite out of the question for me to do so. Dear Anna, I entreat by our old friendship that you will go in town and await her arrival at the hotel. You can tell her there, or bring her here, as you may think best; of course, I cannot dictate to you what guests you shall receive, but I think I have some claim on you for the service I ask."

Mrs. Langley sighed, and regarding him, steadily, said:

"'Men are inconstant ever,' but I did think that you were in earnest with this poor girl. Are you *sure*, Godfrey, that Opal has won all your heart from her? It may not be too late to extricate you from your embarrassing position as the betrothed of two girls, by giving a hint of the state of affairs to the one that is least interested in you. I believe that Opal will be glad to have freedom of action restored to her."

Fenton flushed, and half-angrily said:

"I do not know why you should fancy that; but I am not going to release her. I requested you to become the medium of conveying to Miss Lopez my resignation of all pretensions to her hand, and you reply by hinting that the one I prefer to her will be glad to escape the necessity of marrying me. If it is so, we are playing at a game of cross-purposes indeed."

"You have said it precisely, Godfrey. I cannot read your heart, nor fully understand hers, but I have the conviction in my own mind that neither you nor Opal are doing that which will secure your future happiness. I have not seen much of her of late, but when we have been together, her restlessness and assumed spirits showed me that she is not as happy as she should be in the prospect of the approaching change in her destiny."

Fenton was silent a few moments, and then abruptly said:

"It is too late to make any change in it now, at any rate. Have you decided what you will do with reference to my request?"

"Yes; but you need not feel grateful for my compliance. If I go to Inez, it will be for her own sake, that I may soften the blow that is about to fall on her. Poor girl! I pity her with my whole heart. But for you, Godfrey, fickle and reckless as you have shown yourself, I have no feeling of compassion. If you had manfully stood to your pledges to Inez in spite of the uncertainty of her fortune, you would now have been blessed with a faithful and affectionate wife, who would have bestowed on you as much as you can gain by a union with Opal. Do not deny the existence of interested motives to me, Godfrey, because I know they first led you to Opal's feet. You may like her in a feeble sort of way, but you *loved* the other—I know you did!"

Fenton coldly and a little haughtily replied:

"Yes, I loved her—it is well that you spoke in the past tense, for men like me do not long care for that which they have only to reach forth the hand to take. Had Inez been less devoted, perhaps I should have proved more constant."

Mrs. Langley indignantly said:

"That is enough, Mr. Fenton. All your egotism is laid before me now. I will meet Miss Lopez in Natchez, and bring her here, and it will not be my fault if she does not soon rejoice in the escape she has had from uniting her fate with that of a man who can speak as you have just done. I could not once have believed such a thing of you, Godfrey."

"Perhaps not; but I am not as good as a man as I was when a boy, Anna. I am sorry that you will quarrel with me for what I cannot help; but I can forgive your hard words in consideration of the service you have promised to render me. Since that is settled, I will leave you to nurse your wrath alone, as I have another engagement this morning."

"Will you not come in? We are just at the door, and you may at least sit down a few minutes."

"No, thank you. We have said all that is necessary, and I must go on my way. Good morning."

"But pray stop long enough to tell me how Miss Gordon is. She has been extremely ill, I hear."

"Yes—they thought she would die for several days; but she is recovering rapidly now."

"So much the worse for you. Are you not afraid of her?"

"Afraid? why, pray? Miss Gordon is nothing more to me than any other acquaintance."

"But you are much more to her, as you well know. She is deep as the sea, and like it too in another respect, for she is capable of wrecking any strange craft that floats in her way bearing a flag hostile to her own interests. Are you not certain that Nina Gordon loves you yet?"

The change in Fenton's face was so marked that it could not escape the penetrating eyes fixed upon him. He reluctantly asked:

"What reason have you for imagining such a thing? Nina is aware of my approaching marriage, and she has shewn no symptom of jealousy."

"Are you quite sincere in that assertion, Godfrey? What passed between you that day upon the lake, pray, and what sudden access of passion induced the young lady to throw herself into the water? I do not believe that she fell in accidentally."

"It is the truth nevertheless. The boat is an unsteady thing, and she imprudently arose as I was about to jump ashore; that was all, I declare to you. Nina could not hope to drown herself with a strong swimmer to bring her out of the water; and even if she had been in a fury with me, she has too much sense to cool her anger in that way."

"It was an unlucky plunge for her, since it nearly proved her death. But I have an idea that it would have been better for you if you had let her drown—better for Hastings' family if Dr. Wiseman had permitted her to die."

"It was not his fault that she did not, for he gave her up and declared that no human skill could save her. Mr. Hastings watched beside her that night himself, and brought her back to life. He seems to be deeply interested in her."

"I wonder that his wife stands it, jealous as every one knows her to be. I only hope that Mrs. Hastings will carry things with a high hand, and send the girl away before the wedding. I am really afraid for her to be there at that time."

"I think your apprehensions have no real foundation; but I must positively bid you good morning."

Fenton bowed and moved toward his horse, which the lad had led slowly after them. Mrs. Langley watched his receding figure a few moments, and then entered the house, took off her hat and shawl, and opened the door of a pleasant sitting-room on one side of the hall, in which her brother was writing.

Denham looked up as she entered and asked:

"Who were you talking with on the lawn? I did not come out because I did not wish to leave my employment."

"I am glad you did not, as it was Godfrey. He came to me on a strange and painful errand, and I hardly know how he had the courage to ask me to do for him what I have promised."

"What was it? I am not sorry that we did not meet, for some unpleasant words have lately passed between us. Fenton undertook to find some fault with my management of his mother's business affairs, but I gave him to understand that so long as I am the agent I will submit to no interference from him. We have not spoken to each other since."

His sister anxiously regarded him and uneasily said:

"I am sorry that you quarrelled with him just now. Others might think that you are willing to do so, because he has rivalled you with Opal. Dear Guy, I hoped all along that something would happen to prevent this marriage, but I have given up all such thoughts now. Godfrey declares that he is determined to hold Opal to her troth, and he would have me believe that he really prefers her to the poor girl he was so much in love with last summer."

An expression of deep pain flitted over Denham's face, and he gloomily said:

"I have comprehended since that day at Silvermere that such was his intention. I wish—I wish that I had spoken to her before Fenton came; I believe I could have now a promise from her that even her parents could not have induced her to break. But I lost my chance, and this vain, fickle man, with nothing but his great beauty of person and gaiety of manner, has stepped between me and my happiness. It is hard to give Opal up to such as he, but there is no alternative now. I must try and forget her, difficult as the task will be. What did he ask you to do for him, Anna?"

"Only to go in town to meet Inez Lopez, who is coming South in the belief that he will be glad to welcome her. Her father is dead, and she has recovered her grandfather's estate. But that does not signify now to Godfrey, for he asserts that he has ceased to love her."

"What madness brings that poor girl here, to be tramped into the dust by such an ingrate?" exclaimed Denham, indignantly. "I really think that Mr. Hastings should be informed of the exact position in which his precious son-in-law elect is placed, that he may see how little happiness his daughter is likely to find with the husband he has selected for her. I have a mind to tell him myself."

"Only to have your motives misinterpreted. No, no, Guy; that will never do. We must let things take their course, for all we could now do would be of no avail. Aunt Gertrude is the moving spirit of the whole affair, and we know of old that she is not easily circumvented."

Denham passionately asked:

"Why should *she* be permitted to ruin my happiness as a man, who tyrannized over me as a boy? But for the uniform kindness of my uncle, I believe that I should have run away before I was fifteen; then came his sudden death, when I was nearly grown, and it was found that the provision intended for me had not been made. His widow understood his intentions perfectly, yet she would do nothing for me but employ me as the agent for the property, while she hoarded every cent from her large dower, drawing from the estate of the two girls all that is needed for household expenses, that she might have means to place her own son on a better footing as to money than my uncle had ever contemplated. Godfrey and I were to enter the world on equal terms, but Aunt Gertrude has made me a dependent, while on her son she has lavished a liberal allowance. Her craft has enabled her to bring about the separation of Opal and myself, and accomplish her union with Godfrey. She knew that I always loved Opal; that from her childhood she has been the darling of my life; yet she ruthlessly laid her plans and carried them out. Oh, Anna, Anna! when I think of what might have been, I lose all my fortitude; but the most bitter thought of all is, that my stainless lily must be given to such a man as Godfrey Fenton. His vanity has absorbed his better nature, and after his treatment of Inez Lopez I feel as if he scarcely deserves to live."

"Hush—hush, Guy! don't talk in that strain. Godfrey has much good in him, that in your present mood you will not recognize. After all, if Opal had shewn great repugnance to the match her parents would not have forced it on her. She has been cold and distant to you since the day we dined at Silvermere, and we may have deceived ourselves as to her preference for you before Godfrey came back."

"A man who has watched the development of a beloved one as tenderly as I have watched Opal, is apt to understand her modes of thought and feeling. Until that false man came and fascinated her by his good looks and his flatteries, I was almost sure she loved me. But it is of no use to talk in this way. I have lost her forever—forever! but I swear endless hate to him that won her from me. If I could find a pretext for meeting him in deadly combat, I would seize upon it; but there is none that I can make available. We are so nearly connected, too, that the scandal of a duel between us would convulse the country."

"Guy, for Heaven's sake cease talking in this strain, or you will drive me wild. Any one that overheard you would suppose that you are ready to shoot Godfrey down at the slightest provocation. I insist that you shall keep out of his way, and avoid any difficulty with him. You seem to forget all about poor Miss Lopez; yet I am to settle when we are to go in for her, and what I am to do with her when we get her here."

"We will try to bind up her broken heart, and play the part of the good Samaritan. That is all we can do for the forsaken one."

"But it will first devolve on me to break her heart by telling her of Godfrey's perfidy," cried Mrs. Langley, "and that is what I dread about it. Oh dear, to think that such a task has been put upon me, and with my own consent, too. Really, I think it is taxing good nature too far to ask such a service as this."

"If it were only rendered to Fenton, I should say so, too; but we have a painful duty to perform toward this friendless girl. She must not be made the subject of gossip, and the only way to save her from it will be for you to go in town and await her arrival at the hotel, as if she is your expected guest. Fenton's name will not then be connected with hers, and the crushing disappointment that awaits her be known only to the few who are aware of her engagement to him. I will accompany you, and be on the spot to render you any assistance you may need."

"But suppose Inez declines to come home with me? She may prefer awaiting Godfrey's arrival at the hotel."

"She will not do that, I am sure. You have tact enough to make her anxious to hear news of Fenton, which you will only communicate beneath your own roof. We must lure her hither, and then, as tenderly as possible, tell her the bitter truth. Poor girl! my heart bleeds for her."

"And so, I am sure, does mine; but what does that signify? It won't make the telling of the story any the less difficult to me, nor will it lessen the heaviness of the blow to her. But of course we must go, and I must make a victim of myself."

"Yes, I think so, Anna; and you who have suffered yourself, will know how to minister to your sister woman in her hour of distress."

A shadow flitted over Mrs. Langley's sprightly face, and she sighed heavily, but said nothing in reply.

A few days later the carriage was ordered, and the brother and sister went in to Natchez, and took rooms at the principal hotel to await the arrival of Inez.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

Fenton rode slowly back to Magnolia much disturbed in mind by the words Mrs. Langley had so frankly spoken. A cold dread of some approaching calamity thrilled through his blood, but he put it aside with the vain thought that at least two of the women he had trifled with were dying of love for him, and in his heart he vowed to make the third one as devoted yet as the others had been.

The annoyance the coming of Inez gave him went far toward neutralizing such love as he still felt for her, and his predominant feeling was one of annoyance at her inopportune arrival. If she had delayed coming till he was on his way to Europe he would have cared little enough, and in his heart he execrated Nina as the cause of his marriage being deferred.

If his perfidy were betrayed to Mr. Hastings, he might yet chance to lose the hand of his daughter, with little hope left that Inez would forgive and receive him into favor again.

In this mood Fenton returned to his mother. Mrs. Markland was anxiously watching for him, and on his entrance she gave him a questioning glance, to which he replied:

"It is settled, mother. Anna has promised to do all I asked."

"That is well; and now sit down, and let us settle something else that is of no less importance."

Fenton listlessly threw himself upon a chair that was drawn up in front of the cheerful fire, and his mother gravely went on:

"No time must be lost now in fixing the day of your marriage. It cannot take place too son, and I deeply regret the delay that has already been made."

"You cannot be more annoyed at it than I have been," was the moody reply. "Since it is so, the sooner it is now over the better. But for the inopportune illness of Miss Gordon, I should now have been on my way to Europe with Opal as my wife. I only wish she had chosen some other time in which to get sick."

"I do not suppose that it was a matter of choice with her," replied his mother, drily. "It is of her I wish first to speak. Has she given you any cause to believe that she remembers your flirtation with her in your college days? I am afraid that something unpleasant had passed between you when you went alone with her on the lake on that unfortunate morning. Tell me the plain truth, if you please, Godfrey."

"Well, ma'am, the plain truth is, that something very unpleasant *did* pass between us. Most men would have been flattered by what she said, but I was only annoyed."

"Flattered! Then the shameless creature must actually have made love to you."

"Something very like it," he replied, with a faint smile. "I begin to think that I am really a very fascinating person."

His complacent vanity enraged Mrs. Markland. She brusquely said:

"You are a fool to talk thus. Miss Gordon has gained strong influence over Mr. Hastings, the origin of which I think I understand, though I shall not betray my convictions to you. She will use her power against you, and in the end prevail, unless your marriage with Opal is hurried on. I have sent an invitation to Mrs. Hastings to dine here to-morrow, and I intend that next Thursday shall be fixed on as the wedding day. Have you any objection to offer to such an arrangement?"

"Objection? Of course not. It but chimes with my own impatience to call the divine Opal my own. When I am safely married, of course the two charmers who are ready to risk everything to rival my intended, will come to their sober senses, and make the best of their disappointment."

Worldly as she was herself, there was a hard lightness in his tones that jarred on Mrs. Markland's feelings, and with some asperity she said:

"You are as handsome as Apollo, Godfrey, and as light of nature as Mercury, with the vanity of June's peacock. Those are the qualities that have won you success with so many women; but for Opal's sake I hope that something truer and deeper than anything I have yet found in you may lie beneath them. Don't speak to me again in that insufferable tone of conceit. It destroys my confidence in you."

"Really, ma'am, you are very classic this morning, and by no means complimentary. As to my better qualities, I intend to make a tender and devoted husband to your pet, and she shall yet acknowledge that I am as irresistible as—as others have found me. I hope you do not consider that determination an evidence of the conceit of which you accuse me."

"No—that is proper and right. You will be happy with Opal; make her happy, and that is all I can ask. This is Friday, and to-morrow I will carry my point in having Thursday fixed as the bridal day, and your marriage may be over before Miss Lopez lands in Natchez. Did she name the time of her arrival there?"

"No, madam; that would be difficult, you know; but she was to leave Newport on the third of February, and this is the ninth. If no accident delays her, she will probably be in Natchez by the middle of the month."

"That is unfortunate, as an earlier day cannot well be insisted on. I sincerely hope that something *may* happen to delay the arrival of the steamer that brings her hither."

Fenton arose and looked moodily out of the window. His mother watched him with some uneasiness, and sharply went on:

"Opal may object to this sudden hurry; but you must insist with all a lover's ardor on having the affair over on the day I have named. To defer it later will be to risk everything."

"I understand, mother, and of course I shall obey you," was the listless reply. "Opal shall believe me the most earnest and impassioned of lovers. I am going over to Silvermere after dinner, and I will prepare her for your proposal of an immediate marriage. The thing has been so long settled that there is no use in putting it off any longer."

He lounged out of the room, roamed idly over the place till the dinner-bell rang, and at that meal drank much more wine than Mrs. Markland thought was good for him. Of late, she remarked with some alarm that his former abstemiousness had given place to a reckless use of the stimulants his perfect physical organization had formerly rejected. The truth was that Fenton found himself incapable of filling the part he was playing with satisfaction to himself without some artificial aid, and wine afforded temporary relief to the regrets that would arise in spite of his efforts to repress them.

Opal little dreamed that his ardent pursuit of herself was sustained by such spiritual aid as this, or she would have shrunk with deeper aversion from the thought of becoming his wife.

When dinner was over, Fenton mounted his horse and rode over to Silvermere. He there startled Opal by declaring that, now Nina was recovering, he should insist on the earliest possible day being fixed for their marriage. She evaded him as well as she could; but when her mother joined them, and announced her intention to spend the following day at Magnolia, Opal fully comprehended that the interval of freedom gained for her by Nina's illness was only a respite from the fate that awaited her.

She could not bring forward any valid objection to an immediate union, as she knew that Fenton was anxious to make their voyage to Europe before the equinoctial gales came on; but her heart sank down like lead in her bosom, and she wondered if it was timidity alone which made her shrink and tremble at the thought of assuming the duties of a wife to him.

On the following day she went, as has already been said, with her mother to Magnolia, with the certainty on her own mind that her fate would be fixed beyond any power of her own to change it.

When Mrs. Hastings found that her husband would not accompany her, she said to him:

"I am sure that Mrs. Markland wishes us to go there to-day, to fix on the time for the wedding. If I am to act as your proxy, what am I to say?"

"Anything you please. Whatever you arrange between you I shall consent to. Godfrey should be kept in suspense no longer than is absolutely necessary. He told me last night that he wishes to be married immediately. I am sorry to give Opal up; but, if she is to go, there can be no use in delay."

"So I think too; and now that Miss Gordon is nearly well, the preparations for the marriage can be resumed."

"Yes," he absently replied. "Do just as you choose about that. Excuse me, Laura, but I must set out for Natchez at once if I am to keep the appointment I made to meet a man on business there at ten o'clock this morning."

Mr. Hastings mounted his horse and rode away, and soon afterward that conversation took place between Miss Gordon and his wife which has already been recorded.

Elated with the prospect of releasing herself from Nina's presence in her house, Mrs. Hastings conversed cheerfully with her daughter, and reached Magnolia in the best of humors.

Mrs. Markland plied her with such flatteries as she well knew would be acceptable, leaving her son to devote himself to Opal. Dora and Jenny were at home, and they hovered around their future sister-in-law, making much of her, and often interfering with their brother's efforts to monopolize her attention.

On this day, Opal fully believed that Fenton adored her; and she sighed to think how poor and pale was the regard she felt for him in comparison with the fervent expressions of love he whispered in her ears.

The day was warm and bright for the season, and, after dinner was over, Fenton lured her out to walk. He took the direction of the summer-house, giving his young sisters a very intelligible hint that he wished to be alone with his betrothed.

He said little till they were seated in the rustic temple; but he then took her hand, and with impetuous eagerness spoke the wish that now lay nearest his heart.

"On this spot, Opal, I won your promise to be mine; and I have brought you here to gain from you a pledge to give me this precious hand in six days from this time. Let Thursday be our bridal day. We will be married in the evening, set out for New Orleans the next morning, and be in time for the steamer that leaves for Havre on Monday. Speak, my angel, shall it not be so?"

All the color faded from her sweet face, and she faintly said:

"Oh, Godfrey, so soon! so very soon! Give me two weeks more at least. I—I—feel as if I cannot bear to be hurried in the most important transaction of my life."

"But if you will reflect a moment, Opal, you will see that you have not been hurried. My happiness has been delayed in a most tantalizing manner. I have borne the delay occasioned by Miss Gordon's illness as philosophically as I could; but now she is nearly well again, you will not be so cruel as to impose any further penance on htm whose dearest hope is to claim you as his own."

"But mamma wishes to have a large party to witness our marriage, and it will not be possible to have things suitably arranged in the time you mention. She will be as unwilling to consent to your proposal as, I confess, I am."

"You cruel, icy creature! you make me adore you, and then treat me in this cavalier manner. Oh, Opal, if you feel for me one tithe of the love I cherish for you, you could not speak thus! What does it matter about a grand wedding? I do not wish for any such display myself. I only ask to make you my own in the most expeditious way possible. Tell me, darling, that you will join your entreaties with mine to induce your mother to have a few friends only to witness our espousals on Thursday evening. I intend to claim you then, Opal, and my mother is also most earnest in her wish to see us married at once."

If Mrs. Markland had set her mind on this arrangement, Opal knew that it would be carried out in spite of such feeble opposition as she could make. With the desperate thought that the plunge must be made at some time, and as well now as later, she quietly spoke, though her lips grew white as she uttered the words:

"I never wished for a large wedding myself, and, if mamma will consent to forego that, we may as well be married Thursday as on any other day. You shall no longer reproach me with withholding your happiness from you, Godfrey, though God alone knows if it will be found in a union with me."

"Then it will be found in nothing else that life may offer," he rapturously exclaimed. "Opal, my love, my own, I have no words with which to thank you for this concession. You will allow me to kiss you *now*, will you not?"

He asked this because through all their wooing Opal had never permitted him to press his lips to hers, or to wind his arm caressingly around her form.

She faintly said:

"Yes—you may kiss me once."

Fenton hastened to avail himself of this long coveted privilege; but the lips that received his passionate caress were pale and cold, and she lay for a moment half fainting on his breast.

"Opal! darling!" he vehemently exclaimed. "Why are you thus? Is there no love for me in your heart, after all my efforts to awaken it?"

With a slight shiver she withdrew herself from his embrace, and said:

"Let us return to the house and tell my mother that in five more days I have consented to become your bride. That consent should assure you of what you are so anxious to know. If I had not a high regard for you, Gofrey, I would not have given it under circumstances."

"I must satisfy myself with that for the present, Opal; but I mean to make you love me dearly, in spite of myself."

"I hope so, Godfrey, for I wish to love you above all others, since it is my duty to do so. Come—let us go in, and arrange the preliminaries of the marriage as soon as possible."

With feverish eagerness she hurried on the path that led to the house, listening to Fenton's words of rapture with the desperate feeling that she was drifting to shipwreck, and it mattered little when the final crash came.

If Opal had been a few years older, she would have asserted her right to judge for herself in a matter so vital to her whole future life; but she was as yet a child in years and feeling, and she blindly yielded to the sacrifice which, she believed, was to save her father from the sad fate he had shadowed forth as the one he must embrace if she refused the alliance that had so long been contemplated for her.

Mrs. Hastings had resisted the proposal of a comparatively private marriage when it was made by Mrs. Markland; but when her daughter came in and said she preferred a small party on the occasion, she yielded, and Thursday was irrevocably fixed as the day on which Opal was to yield herself into Godfrey Fenton's keeping.

When this was definitely settled, she became wildly gay; she romped with Jenny, danced with Dora, and was so unlike the quiet, reticent creature Fenton had lately known, that he regarded her in wonder. But he managed to make his demonstrations of gayety keep pace with her own, and she laughingly said:

"We shall be a fast couple, I am afraid, Godfrey; and it will hardly be safe for our friends to turn us loose on the world, and leave us to our own devices. I intend to see everything, go everywhere, and write back letters from Europe to some of the papers, that will give me the reputation of a blue stocking. See if I don't. I have long had visions of literary distinction, and now I am going to realize them."

"Of course you shall, if you wish it. You do not know how charming you are to me in this new phase of your character. Be always animated; always gay, and I shall adore you more than ever."

"I do not want adoration, Godfrey. I am not a divinity, nor do I aspire to be regarded as one. I want true and honest love, such as I am sure you feel for me."

"I love you more than words can express, and my actions shall prove to you the value of my protestations," was the earnest reply, though Fenton felt self-condemned when he uttered the assurance.

The carriage was announced as ready, and as Mrs. Markland affectionately kissed her promised daughter-in-law, she whispered:

"Good-bye, my love! you have made me very happy by the evidence of affection you have this day given to my son."

Opal returned the caress, and softly said:

"Good-bye, mother, and accept my thanks for receiving me into your house and heart as your own child. I love you very dearly, and I shall love you still more when I am Godfrey's wife."

The last word brought a rush of color to her pearly cheek, and she hastened to take her place beside her mother. She hurriedly drew down her veil, but kissed her hand to Fenton, who stood on the steps waving a last adieu to them.

Mrs. Hastings sunk back, and peevishly said:

"It does not suit me to have things hurried up so, but I could not help myself. Why did you submit to the arrangement that has been made, Opal? I thought you were indifferent about being married very soon."

"Dear mamma, don't talk of it any more, please. I knew it was of no use to resist; and, when a thing is inevitable, it is better to have it over and done with. If Godfrey and I are to sail for Europe, we should be there before the high winds and storms of March set in."

"Very well, child; if you are satisfied, I am sure I should be. We can have a grand reception when you come back, and that will compensate for this shabby way of doing things on an occasion so important as the marriage of an only child."

"Yes, we can have a grand reception," repeated Opal vaguely.

And she sunk back on her seat, and became absorbed in painful thought, scarcely replying to her mother as she went over the arrangements she would make and named the friends that must be invited.

"All Godfrey's connexions must be asked, of course. Mrs. Langley and her brother have not been very friendly of late, but I shall send them an invitation. Do you think Guy Denham will come?"

The name startled Opal, and, with a shiver, she replied:

"Why not? Of course he will come with his sister."

"Well, I thought he might not care to see you given away to another. You must know that he is strongly attached to you, Opal; hopeless as he must always have known his passion to be, he has betrayed it in many ways."

Much to her mother's dismay, Opal suddenly burst into a hysterical passion of tears, and cried out:

"Oh, mamma, mamma, don't talk to me of Guy's love, now that it is too late—*too late*. I belong to another, and I must not think of him."

Mrs. Hastings was astonished and distressed at this outburst. She had never suspected the feelings of her daughter, and she now asked, in much perturbation:

"What does this mean, Opal? Have you ever cared more for Guy Denham than for any other friend?"

"I don't know; I cannot understand my own feelings, but, if he stood to me in the same relation that Godfrey does, I am afraid I should be less unwilling to—to give myself irrevocably to him. But Guy never asked me, so what is the use of all this waste of feeling?"

And she indignantly dashed away the tears that streamed over her face.

After a painful silence, Mrs. Hastings said:

"Of course Guy never approached you as a lover, because he understood that he was not in a position to aspire to your hand. The son of a wealthy woman like Mrs. Markland is a far more suitable match for you than the dependent nephew of her husband. Guy is a clever man, but he is not to be compared with Godfrey in any way. You are nervous and excited now, my dear, for this has been a trying day for you; but you will soon recover your composure, and understand yourself better. I must say that I think you a most fortunate girl, for your betrothed is evidently devoted to you, and I am sure that you love him, in spite of your fancy that Mr. Denham would be more agreeable to you as your destined husband. If he stood in the same relation toward you, you would feel the same shy shrinking. It is natural to so young a girl as you are, on the eve of so great a change in her condition."

Opal sighed heavily, for she did not believe this. At moments she felt as if she could almost fly to Guy Denham for protection from the fate that approached her, and, without shrinking, pronounce the vows that would make her his own. But, as she had said herself, it was too late; she had accepted the destiny awarded her, and must abide by the pledges she had given, even if, in so doing, she sealed her own wretchedness.

The remainder of the drive was passed in silence; and when they came in sight of Silvermere, Mrs. Hastings interrupted the sad reveries of her daughter, by exclaiming:

"It is just as I thought it would be. Your father has hurried back from Natchez, to reach home before I returned. There is his horse; and how long he has been with that fair serpent nobody knows. Opal, I am determined that Miss Gordon shall leave my house as soon as she can be sent away. I am sorry that to-morrow is Sunday, or I would pack her off with the dawn. I will not tolerate her any longer near your father. It is shameful, it is disgraceful that he should betray such interest in this stranger as he has lately shewn."

Opal aroused herself, and hastened to say:

"Dear mamma, you misunderstand the source of papa's interest in this young lady. He feels that she has a claim on him, and he tries to make up to her for your coldness; for of late you have been very distant to her. I entreat that you will do nothing to annoy him, for he has seemed very much depressed of late."

"Fiddlesticks! who cares if he has! It is not without good cause, I dare say; for a man that lets his heart wander away from his wedded wife after strange idols ought to feel depressed. I am going to send Miss Gordon packing before you are married, for I sha'n't have such a viper at your wedding."

Her face was flushed, her eyes sparkling, and Opal knew from experience that in the frame of mind her mother was now in, remonstrance would be useless. She only said:

"I hope you will do nothing hastily, mamma," as the carriage drew up in front of the door.

Everything was perfectly quiet, and there was no indication of Nina's presence below stairs. Minette, Mrs. Hastings' own maid, came to assist her in removing her wrappings.

A look of intelligence passed between the mistress and maid, and the former abruptly asked:

"Where is your master?"

"He's in the li'bry, mum, a-walkin' up and down like mad."

"How long has he been back here?"

"Oh, ever so long, mum. He come back soon arter dinner, and talked with Miss Gordon a long time; but she's gone up to her room to lie down now." And the girl looked as if she could tell much more if closely questioned.

"Go up stairs to your room, Opal, and you need not come down till the supper bell rings," said her mother, sharply.

Obedient to the command, and glad to escape the tornado she anticipated, Opal sprang up the steps, and Mrs. Hastings passed into her own apartment, followed by Minette. Closing the door, she abruptly faced the girl and asked:

"Did you stay on the watch as I ordered you? and have you discovered anything that can be of any moment to me?"

"I did stay, Missis, an' I think I has skivered suffin as'll make you hoppin'. 'Scuse me, mum, I didn't mean to say that; it slipped out unbeknownst."

Mrs. Hastings sunk down on a sofa, untying her bonnet strings with a spasmodic clutch that was suggestive of "squirming tantrums."

The maid hastened to remove her bonnet and shawl, and then administered lavender, till her worst symptoms passed away. Minette then said:

"You needn't take on so, Missis, for if master *is* mightily took with Miss Gordon, she aint a bit so with him, for I heard her tell him she hated him like pizen."

There was some comfort in this, though Mrs. Hastings hysterically asked:

"How did she come to be saying such things to him? Oh, my heart! it will be broken yet before that cruel man is done with it. Tell me everything that has happened here since I went away."

"In course, Missis, I's ready to do so. I stayed roun', as you tole me, till marster came in and found Miss Gordon asleep on the sofy in de libry. I seed him go in, but he shet de do' after him, an' I can't tell what happened nex'. But I listened at the keyhole, an' I heerd 'em talk a heap; but I couldn't make out what it was about, 'cept dat I heerd her scream out in a passion like dat she hated him. But arterwards I am sho he kissed her."

"The wretch!" exclaimed the jealous wife. "How dared she permit such a thing! But I—I'll pay him for it yet. Go on, Minette."

"Well, dere aint much mo' to tell, mum. Arter talkin' a long time, she got 'stericky like, an' marster took her up in his arms an' carried her up sta'rs hisself; but he come down direc'ly, an' called me to go up an' see ef she wanted anything. She was crusty enough to be sure, an' tole me to leave her to herself, for she had the headache."

"The headache! I dare say, the worthless viper! But it's of no use for me to be angry with *her*, if she said what you repeated. Are you sure she said she hated Mr. Hastings?"

"Yes 'm—I heerd dat quite plain, an' I know she meant it too, for she wur' mighty surrigerous when she screamed it out at him."

"I should like to know what he said to her that made her speak so. Haven't you the least idea, Minette? Didn't you hear more than you are willing to tell me?"

"I clare 'fore de Lor', Missis, dat was all I could make out, tho' I lissened wi' all my ears. I knowed how anxious you was 'bout dat young gal, an' I did all I could to find out what dey was a talkin' 'bout; but 'wasn't no use. De do' was shet fas', an' I didn't dare to try an' open it de leastest mite. When I heerd marster comin' out I had to get out'n de way mighty quick, but I coch a glim o' his face as he went up sta'rs wi' her, an' I tell you it looked like a thunder cloud. He seemed mightily cut up 'bout suffin', I don' know what, but I don't think dey was good fr'en's, tho' he carried her mighty careful."

"Yes—they made up their quarrel, I suppose, and I dare say are better friends than ever. But I shall put an end to such goings on in my house, and that without delay. Go and tell your master that I wish to see him in this room; that I have something very particular to say to him. But let me first warn you to say nothing of this among the other servants. If there is any gossip about it I shall have you punished. There is that red silk shawl in my top drawer, that you always thought such a beauty; you may have that for your own."

"Oh! thank you, missus; you is a real lady an' no mistake. You may 'pend on me. I aint gwine to tell nuffin 'mong de darkies dat goes on 'mong de white folks. I knows my manners better 'n dat."

"Very well. Go now and tell Mr. Hastings that I am waiting for him here."

The girl went on her errand; and without a single feeling of compunction for setting her own servant as a spy upon her husband, Mrs. Hastings, in a state of swelling wrath, sat listening for his approaching footstep.

After an interval it came, listlessly and heavily enough, and she bitterly thought:

"If he was going to see *her*, he would move lighter and more jauntily than that. She repulsed him—that is some comfort; she wishes to go away, and that is another. I'll send her off if it costs me more than the sum I offered as the price of her dismissal."

Mr. Hastings came in looking unusually pale, and evidently deeply depressed. He said:

"I came back from town sooner than I expected, and I have had a long interview with Miss Gordon. I learned from her that she wishes to leave Silvermere before the marriage of Opal takes place. I was sorry to discover that her interest in Godfrey is still too deep to permit her to see him give his hand to another without feeling unhappy. I thought it best to tell you this at once, Laura, lest you should take some chimerical fancy in your head, founded on my early return home."

In spite of herself, Mrs. Hastings found her anger melting away before this plain statement of what had occurred in her absence. She began to feel ashamed of the part she had played, and after a pause she replied:

"I was surprised to find that you have been at home so long; but I am glad that Miss Gordon has told you of her wish to leave. She said the same to me this morning, but gave no reason for it. She was more candid with you it seems; but I have not won her confidence as you appear to have done. She is one of those women who like the opposite sex better than their own, I suppose. But if she is really going away, I shall find no fault with her, since it proves that she is not infatuated with *you* as you are with her."

"My dear Laura," he said, with a look of pain, "why will you cherish such absurd fancies? This poor girl is almost friendless; she has been at death's door in our house, and I believe my skill as a nurse saved her life. I naturally take an interest in her after raising her almost from the grave; but I have willingly consented that she shall go back to the north. She could not be happy here, and I have no wish to keep her."

"Are you really and truly in earnest, William? Will you not regret her departure?"

"I can truly say that I shall not. It is most unfortunate, as it has turned out, that she came hither at all. I hoped that she would prove a suitable companion for you after Opal's departure, but I dare say you will be able to find some one you will like better in that capacity."

"Yes, indeed! There will be no difficulty about that. But if Miss Gordon goes before the wedding she will have to be in a hurry, for we have decided that it shall take place on Thursday evening."

"So soon! I had no idea that Opal would consent to hasten matters so. But I am contented. There is time enough to arrange about Nina. I will take her in town to Matson's in the early part of the week, and leave him to put her on board the New Orleans packet that goes down on Tuesday. I shall write to my commission merchant to put her under the care of the captain of the New York steamer, after supplying her with funds for her expenses. Of course I must compensate her handsomely for her disappointment here."

"I don't object to that. Money is no object; and I am so glad to get rid of her that I am willing to pay her more than she would probably demand. Did Miss Gordon propose going herself?"

"Yes—she stated her wish very plainly; and I saw the propriety of her departure as soon as I understood her feelings about Fenton. Though he was only flirting with her, it seems that she conceived a violent passion for him which even the sight of his devotion to Opal has not been able to chill. Poor child! I feel the deepest sympathy for her."

Mrs. Hastings fixed her eyes penetratingly upon her husband, and asked:

"Are you sure that you have no stronger or deeper feeling for her, William?"

He changed color, but firmly replied:

"I am quite sure, Laura, that there is not a feeling for Nina in my heart that you would disapprove if it could be laid bare before you. Do not embitter the few days she must spend beneath your roof with suspicions as unworthy of you as they are degrading to me. You have no cause for jealousy, I assure you."

"I will believe you, William, and trust to your honor not to deceive me. Did Miss Gordon tell you that I have already offered to give her a large sum of money if she would leave Silvermere?"

"Good Heavens! no—she told me nothing of the kind. But I am glad that you did so, as it relieves me from an embarrassing difficulty. I have told you that this young girl is a relation of my own, for whose future I am in some sort responsible; and I shall feel better satisfied if I know her to be placed above the necessity of laboring for her own maintenance."

"It is what she was reared to expect; and she is as sharp about money matters as the veriest Yankee. My first offer was a thousand a year; but she computed the sum that would be worth at ten per cent., and asked for that as a certain provision. She has really no claim on *me*; but I was so anxious to get her safe out of the house that I consented at once to give it to her."

This statement relieved the most pressing anxiety of Mr. Hastings on Nina's account; but it lowered her in his estimation very sensibly. It pained him to know that she had bargained with his wife and named the price she was willing to accept to induce her to leave his house, yet had said nothing of it to him in that long and distressing interview. He reluctantly understood how mercenary she was, for he distinctly remembered that Nina had also claimed from him an adequate provision, in the hope, no doubt, that he would remain ignorant of the transaction between his wife and herself. He bitterly thought:

"She has nothing noble or true in her nature. Yet—yet I have loved her far better than her sister. I will do what I can for her; but she shall go far away from me, and I care little now if we never meet again. She has wounded me to the soul, and I cannot get over it."

Mr. Hastings presently said to his wife:

"In this instance your judgment is correct, Laura. Miss Gordon will be better elsewhere than here; and you could make no better use of the sum you have named than to bribe her with it to remove herself from our home as soon as possible. As to myself, I shall not regret her departure; my only regret is that I ever brought her in contact with yourself and Opal. I will inform her to-morrow of the decision we have mutually agreed, and arrange for her departure as soon as possible."

Mrs. Hastings' brow cleared, her eyes lost their suspicious glare, and she gradually said:

"I have wronged you very deeply, William, and I ask your pardon for it. But of late you have seemed so deeply interested in this girl, that I was naturally jealous. You know that I love you so much I cannot bear to become a secondary object of attention with you."

Mr. Hastings sighed heavily, and for a few moments he was tempted to reveal the truth to his wife, but he feared the result that might ensue, and he only uttered a few words accepting the apology, and turned away.

When Opal came down to supper she was glad to find that the storm she anticipated had blown over, and her parents apparently on the best terms with each other.

Nina declined making her appearance that evening, and her tea was sent up to her.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

TIME'S SOLILOQUY.

Old! call you me? Ay! when the Almighty spoke creation into birth, I was there. Then was I born. 'Mid the bloom and verdure of Paradise I gazed upon the young world, radiant with celestial smiles. I rose upon the pinions of the first morn, and caught the first dew-drops as they fell, and sparkled upon the bowers of the garden. Ere the foot of man was heard sounding in this wilderness, I gazed upon its thousand rivers, flashing in light, and reflecting the broad sun, like a thousand jewels, upon their bosoms. The cataracts sent up their anthems in these solitudes, and none was here to listen to the new-born melody but I. The fawns bounded over the hills, and drank at the limpid streams, ages before [illegible] arm was raised to injure or make them afraid. For thousands of years the morning star rose in beauty upon these unpeopled shores, and its twin-sister of the eve flamed in the forehead of the sky with no eyes to admire their rays but mine. Ay! call me old! Babylon and Assyria, Palmyra and Thebes, rose, flourished and fell, and I beheld them in their glory and their decline. Scarce a melancholy ruin marks the place of their existence; but when their first stones were laid in the earth, I was there! 'Mid all their splendor, glory and wickedness, I was in their busy streets, and crumbling their magnificent piles and their gorgeous palaces to the earth. My books will show a long and fearful account against them! I control the fate of empires—I give their period of glory and splendor; but at their birth I conceal in them the seeds of death and decay. They must go down, and be humbled in the dust—their proud head bowed down before the rising glories of young nations, to whose prosperity there will also come a date and a day of decline. I poise my wing over the earth, and watch the course and doings of its inhabitants. I call up the violets upon the falls, and crumble the gray ruins to the ground. I am the agent of a higher power, to give life and take it away. I spread like tresses upon the brow of the young, and plant gray hairs upon the brow of the aged man. Dimples and smiles at my bidding lurk around the lips of the innocent child, and I furrow the brow of age with wrinkles. Old, you call me! Ay, but when will my days be numbered? When will Time end, and Eternity begin? When will the earth and its waters, and the universe be rolled up, and a new world commence its revolutions? Not till He who first bids me begin my flight so orders it. When His purposes, who called me into being, are accomplished—then, and not till then—and no one can proclaim the hour—I too shall go to the place of all living.

—"He is a bad citizen," said Napoleon, "who undermines the religious faith of his country. All may not, perhaps, be substantially good, but certain it is, that all come in aid of the government power, and are essential to the basis of morality. In the absence of religion, I can discover no inducement to be virtuous. I desire to live and die in mine; nothing is more painful to me than the hideous spectacle of an old man dying like a dog."

—Speaking generally, no man appears great to his contemporaries, for the same reason that no man is great to his servants—both know [illegible] much of him.

THE NOVEL HUNTER
ROBERT ROBINSON
IMAGINATIONRADIO.COM

"MY LIFE, MY SOUL."

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

"My Life; my Soul!" cries out the poet
To his Loved One while his lyre,
Thrilling in the spirit-nuptial,
Sparkles with an Eden-fire.

What is life, what is well-being,
In their deepest meaning here,
But a union with the object
Of our love—a rainbowed sphere

"Life" and "Soul!" in that expression
Bards but sing what all men feel,
Though they never speak emotion
In a high poetic peal.

Who are they that live intensely?
Those who breathe in true Love's zone,
Those who give reciprocation
To a love made for their own.

Are you from the loved one parted
For awhile? You're with her still:
In the stars you feel her bright eyes,
And her sweet voice in the rill.

Yet not for dear woman only
Let us know this love, but nurse
Good will for our human brothers
And God's peopled universe.

* * *

SCRAPS OF ADVENTURE.

FROM AN OLD SAILOR'S LOG-BOOK.

No. XXVI.

By SYLVANUS COBB, Jr.

ON SHORE AT GIBRALTAR.

The morrow came—the eighth of November, —and when our flag had been hoisted, and the guard mounted, which was done at eight o'clock in the morning, a quarter-watch was called to the mast for liberty, and all who were not under suspension of privilege for misdemeanor* were directed to report to the purser, and then assemble in the larboard gangway. The purser gave to each man two Spanish dollars, and when we were all ready we went over the side into the launch, and were soon at the landing.

I do not think that ever in my life I breathed more freely, or felt more keenly the blessing of free, fresh air, than I did as I walked up from the boat-landing into the town of Gibraltar. The weather was delightful; the atmosphere just cool enough for comfort; and then to find a foreign port where my mother tongue was the prevailing language, gave additional charm to the cruise. It seemed odd, at first, to go into the shops in that old Moorish town, on a Spanish promontory, and find myself able to converse freely with those who presided there. In the course of half an hour our party had become pretty well divided up; and as most of the men were in pursuit of pleasures which Fiddy and I cared nothing about, we were finally left almost alone, Jack Miller being the only one who seemed inclined to keep us company. I was somewhat surprised at this, as I had supposed that he would be one of the first to settle down in one of the tap-rooms, where rum of good quality could be bought for two-pence a glass.

I thought of poor Jonathan Drake, and acknowledged that Jack's philosophy was just.

Out towards Europa Point they were at work upon the fortifications, and we went that way. The first thing that attracted my attention was a gang of some twenty or thirty soldiers who were at work, each with a ball and chain attached to his right ankle. Around the ankle was locked a broad iron strap, or band, to which was attached by a swivel joint a chain three or four feet in length, and to the end of this was made fast a round shot, or cannon-ball. But these shots were not alike. Some appeared to weigh not more than six pounds; some were twelve-pounders; some eighteen; while the heaviest were twenty-four. This gang was under the supervision of a sergeant, who followed them about with a stout ratan in his hand; and they were employed in wheeling dirt in common hand-barrows. I was quite amused to see how, occasionally, a shrewd fellow would dump his leg-load into the barrow, and thus wheel it along quite easily. One man—I judged him to be an Irishman—who had a twenty-four-pound shot attached to his leg, and who had just filled his barrow at the bank, watched his opportunity when the sergeant's back was towards him, and, picking up his cannon-ball, he laid it carefully upon the edge of the barrow, and then started off with his companions; and of all those who dragged the ungrateful load at the ankle, none limped and tugged as did he. To have judged from his motions alone, the beholder would have at once set it down for a fact that he had a heavier drag at the right foot than had any of the others.

While we stood there a corporal of one of the Scotch regiments that was stationed at the Rock came and scraped acquaintance. He was a jolly, good-hearted and good-natured fellow, and he offered us his services out of pure friendship; because, at a later hour, when we offered him some refreshment, he refused, remarking that he didn't pick up our company for the purpose of getting his beer free.

I had supposed that these poor fellows had been doing some very wicked thing, thus to have got themselves into such a scrape; but our new friend informed us that private soldiers were severely punished for trivial offences.

"These men must have fallen asleep on post, or something of that sort," I suggested.

"Bless your soul!" returned the corporal, "that is death. These fellows have made some little mistake at parade, or got in late at roll-call. You see that fellow who has put his cap into his barrow?"

I looked and saw our quaint Irishman. His cap was in his barrow, and his twenty-four-pound shot was underneath it.

"That man is being thus punished for appearing on parade with a bit of boot-blacking on his belt. The poor fellow forgot to wash his hands after he had blacked his boots, and the result was that he soiled his white belt."

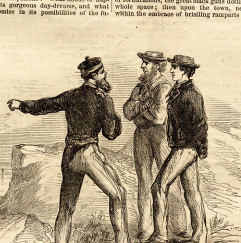
I could hardly believe it possible that the men who stood ready to pour out their blood for their country could be so inhumanly treated; but I was to see the whole thing with my own eyes before I left the town.

Having seen all that was of interest in this place, our cicerone proposed that we should go to the parade ground and see a regimental drill, as there was one to come off very shortly. This was one of the very things we wished to see, so our assent was quickly given. The drill-ground was near the lower barracks, and the drums were beating the long roll as we reached the spot. A full regiment of infantry, consisting of ten companies, with nearly a hundred men to each company, was soon on the ground; and it was to me a grand and inspiring scene to see those companies, one after another, march up and come into line, being guided to their positions by markers thrown out at equal distances with little red flags attached to their bayonets.

And then commenced the drill. The general orders were all given by the bugle, which seemed strange to me. Not a word from the colonel who commanded the regiment, but he turned to his bugler, and as the blast was sounded the men moved like so many nicely adjusted parts of one grand machine. They marched and counter-marched; marched in column by companies, and in column by platoons; and then, at the sound of the bugle, they broke into sections.* Another blast, and they came to company front again; and then, by a flank movement and filing to the left, the whole regiment was strung out into a line of files consisting of two men each. It was the first time I had ever seen any thing of the kind, and I was entirely carried away by it—so absorbed that I had no thought of anything else.

In other days, I had followed the "trainers" in my old home, and I had thought that something pretty grand. I remembered Capt. Barrett, with his tall red plume, and his golden epaulettes, and his bright sword; and I remembered the fife and the drum, and the gallant militiamen keeping time to the inspiring music; and I remembered how, when the trainers were out, school was dismissed, and how we boys used to hang upon the flanks of the company, thinking what a wonderful thing it was. I used to hold my place as near as possible to the captain; for, on those occasions, he was, in my eyes, by far the most important man in the country, and I used to think if I could only be a captain what a proud and happy creature I should be!

Oh, the poetry of childhood, and the golden glory of its anticipations! What floods of happy light in its gorgeous day-dreams, and what brilliant promise in its possibilities of the future! Oh, visionary age! No burden of bitter experience weighing down the aspirations; but in every flattering prospect success is visible; and faith, as yet unweakened by disappointment, reaches out and grasps all the wealth and honors held in custody by the coming time!



I remembered the old days, and the old joys, as I witnessed the marvellous performance of these English soldiers, and the memory helped me to enjoy the scene. After they had gone through with the marching past the regiment was drawn up in line for the manual of arms; and if I had been surprised by the evolutions in marching, I was no less surprised by the manner in which the manual was performed. At the order—"*Present*—ARMS!" every musket of the thousand came up as though the will of one mind had operated upon every nerve and muscle throughout the whole line. By and by, with the pieces at an "*order*," the command was given—"Shoulder—*arms!*" One man, who stood very near to the place which I occupied, and in the front rank, made a slight mistake in grasping his piece, and when it came to his shoulder he made a false motion, so that he was forced to bring his right hand back a second time to prevent his musket from tipping forward. And in order that those who are acquainted with the manual of arms as practiced in our army may understand the nature of the mistake, I will explain that in all the drilling I have ever witnessed by British soldiers, the "shoulder arms" from an "order" is performed in one motion. The piece is caught by the right hand at the lower band, lifted smartly to the front of the body, and then thrown to the left hip, where the left hand must be ready to catch it in exactly its true position. It requires practice and precision, and when neatly performed by a whole line is a pretty feat. The man in question failed to catch his piece upon the hip, from which mishap he was, perhaps, the sixth part of a second behind the rest.

The commander approached the delinquent, who was trembling at every joint, and demanded his name. He was then ordered to march six paces to the front, where he brought his musket to an "order." Then a sergeant was called, and this was the order which followed:

"Sergeant, take this man to the guard-house, and put him on to the fortifications two days with ball and chain!"

I saw the poor fellow marched away; and I found no more pleasure in seeing the soldiers drill. It made me heart-sick and sad to see a good soldier so recklessly and foolishly punished for a simple mistake which the victim could no more have avoided than he could have avoided winking when danger threatened his eye. As we walked away, I asked our corporal if such things were common; and he told us that wasn't a circumstance to what I might see almost every day in the year when certain officers had command.

After leaving the parade-ground we obtained a pass to visit the works higher up on the rock, and our Scotchman gained permission to go with us. We ascended by way of "Windmill Hill," which is towards the southern extremity of the Rock, and the whole distance was traversed by strong breastworks of masonry armed with heavy guns. From this hill we passed on to the north to what are called the "Windmill Barracks," from which point we struck off towards the summit. At length we reached the mouth of a cave where we found a heavy gun hung in chains from the roof of the rock above. There was no opportunity to set a traverse, so the gun was slung. We saw many caves, and in several places there were fissures in the rock extending down to unknown depths, and the belief is general that there are subterranean passages extending from Gibraltar to the African coast!

Our guide pointed out one place where, at the inner extremity of a wide cavern, there was a narrow opening from which, at times, a strong current of air issued. The idea of these passages extending under the bed of the strait is based upon the fact that at certain seasons of the year African monkeys, sometimes in large numbers, are seen upon the rock, and when pursued, they disappear in these caves and fissures. Of course these monkeys cannot come from Spain; and it does not seem possible that they could subsist from year to year in these caverns. The corporal told us that he himself at one time counted six of those monkeys, and that they disappeared in the cavern which he had pointed out.

It is a curious theory, and somewhat remarkable; but I found it generally entertained by the inhabitants, and certainly the premises appear to warrant the conclusion. And then it is said by those who have treasured the traditions of the place, that before the rock was fortified by Tarik the Moor, in the eighth century, there were thousands of monkeys skipping over its craggy heights, and basking upon its verdant slopes during all the Summer months, and that when Winter came they disappeared, to come again with the return of warm weather. Others may think of this as they please; but for my part, backed up by the result of subsequent investigations, I am strongly inclined to believe the theory well founded.

The view from the old signal-station, at the extreme point of elevation, was grand and sublime. Facing the east, we saw the Spanish coast stretching away upon the left; off to the right we could discover the African coast; while before us lay the blue waters of the Mediterranean, stretching away to the distant horizon where the sun was to find its rest. Facing the west, we looked down upon the sloping lines of fortifications, the great black guns dotting the whole space; then upon the town, nestling within the embrace of bristling ramparts; then off upon the beautiful bay, where the great ships looked like the toy-vessels which children float upon miniature ponds; and then away upon the winding strait, and upon the distant town of Algesiras. To the northward we followed the Neutral Ground to the rising land of Spain, the grassy slopes dotted by the straggling dwellings of San Roque. I could have stood there a long time, and I would have been pleased to visit many other points among the elevated fortifications; but the dipping of the sun towards the bosom of the great sea told me that it was time we were on our way down the Rock.

So down we went, and having looked through the barracks where our kind and gentlemanly cicerone was quartered, every nook and corner of which we found as clean and neat as brooms and brushes, and soap and water could make it; and having gone to his mess-room and taken a cup of coffee and some sweet, soft bread and cold meat, we turned our faces towards the landing. Our corporal would accept nothing in return for his valuable services; but he promised us that, if he could gain permission, he would give us the privilege of showing him over our ship.

We reached the landing full ten minutes before the appointed time, where we waited for the others to join us. At length the report of the sunset gun boomed out over the waters of the bay, and of the five-and-forty men who had come off in the morning just thirty of us were ready to return on board in the two cutters which had come for us, the launch being away on other duty. A few of those fifteen delinquents came off in shore-boats before it was fairly dark, and they were subjected to no punishment. Others came off during the night, and were sent to the "brig," and in the morning were called up and put upon the "*black list*," which meant, no more liberty until their names were stricken off. Five only remained on shore during the night, and they were hunted up and brought off in the morning. There was no need to ask what had kept them. Their blood-shot eyes and trembling limbs told too plainly of the old enemy they had fallen in with, and a "dozen of the cat" to each was added to the penalty of the black list. It seemed hard to see those men—good sailors, and men of warm and generous hearts—lashed up and flogged; but such is the law, and they knew what the penalty must be if they sinned.

I was pleased when Mr. McGregor complimemented me upon my good faith, and I was still more pleased when, on the day following, he gave me permission to show my friend, the Scotch corporal, over every part of the ship.

* * *

HUMAN NATURE AT SUMMER RESORTS.

I find human nature pretty much the same at the different places of summer resort. There is your invalid, to whom no topic is interesting that does not treat of the condition of his tongue and stomach, sitting on the sunny side of the piazza, buttoned up to his chin, in a chair that rests, like his constitution, on its hind legs. He pounces on unhappy listeners, whose strength of appetite and backbone are his daily and hourly disgust. There is your country clergyman, who came to be jolly, and would fain be so; but, before he can make up his mind to it, must settle the important questions whether rolling ten-pins would be considered a sacerdotal act by Deacon Grim of his parish, in the village of Pumpkinville; and whether he ought to countenance, by his presence in the ladies' parlor, any song but "Hark from the tombs a doleful sound." There is your bachelor, who knows the flirtation-ropes; and though he has no objection to carry a young lady's shawl, or parasol, also carries a rhinoceros-hide over his heart, from which glance her little arrows harmless, though ever so skilfully aimed, from ribbon, slipper, or curl. There is your widow—cultivated, refined, intelligent, self-respecting; yet fettered in every word and action by the knowledge that every person in the house coarsely imagines, that her earliest and latest thoughts are employed in the construction of adroit man-traps. There is grandma, who, in her best cap and gown, sits hour after hour on the same rocking-chair in the ladies' parlor, watching the tide of life as it ebbs and flows past her, well pleased to be spared the petty strife for place and power, and smiling benignly on young and old, as if to say, "Some day, *you*, like *me*, will be glad to rest; meantime, my dears, get all you can out of it!"

There is your belle—blonde or brunette it matters not—with her wondrous changes of rainbow raiment, (no pun intended,) languishing, or lively, as best suits her style, angling for admiration, with hook and line skilfully concealed, but none the less effective; beautiful as a dream, and, like a dream, very unsatisfactory to the wide-awake; numbering her victims by the thousand, and knowing nothing more earnest in life than a perfect toilette and an intoxicated adorer. From the tip of her wicked little slipper to her pearl of an ear, she is but a mockery and a snare. For one, I never give her quite over till her first baby is laid in her arms. If *that* does not regenerate her, depend upon it *nothing* will. Then there is your authoress. Heaven pity *her!* "Is that hair her own? What can she be saying to that man, who is *not* her husband? What an affectation in her always to wear black. For pity's sake, when does *she*, who is forever flying about, find time to write? Don't you suppose that her husband does it for her? *Her* children are no brighter than other people's, as far as I can see. I wonder how her house looks? I admire the way she sits down and tells *other people* how to behave, while she is such a lawless creature herself? They say that an ox-team couldn't draw her out of the rut of an opinion. Then, as to her looks, did you ever see one of these scribbling women who wasn't a fright? Where there are brains, my dear, never do you look for grace, or beauty, or taste in dress; put *that* in your note-book. Hark! there's the dinner-bell; now we'll see whether she eats with her knife, like the rest of the strong-minded."

Then there is the severed wife, like the unrivetted half of a pair of scissors, who has waited weary weeks for the arrival of her husband, and now he's coming! She is a plain little woman, judging her artistically; and yet to-night her face is quite beautiful with the illumination of love. She has, I see, a natural flower in her hair, and her little girl has on her best dress; and we all feel a personal interest in that stranger husband's arrival, and listen anxiously, like herself, for the coming of the train, as she paces up and down the piazza, too restless to sit still. Now if he *shouldn't* come after all! Wouldn't he deserve lynching? and oughtn't she to receive consolation instead? That's the universal verdict. But he *has* come! "Papa! Papa!—John! John!" It is dark at the station, but we heard *that kiss;* and we all go our separate ways satisfied, now justice has been done. Oh! human love, imperfect as it is, is a beautiful thing. These ties, after all, *are* "Life." Husband! wife! child! God pity those who, looking on such a scene, go sobbing away in the darkness, while memory mocks them with the warm touch of lips long since dust, and the music of a voice whose loving tones are forever silenced.

FANNY FERN.

* * *

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

G. L. D.—You state that, "if a woman, who discovers that a man to whom she has been married already had a wife, so that his marriage with her was null and void, can marry again with impunity without first getting a divorce from her bigamist husband, then the *latter* cannot be punished for bigamy, because if his second marriage was null and void and had no binding force on his second wife, then, of course, it had no binding force on him, and was in fact a nullity, and a nullity is *a nothing*, and nobody can be hurt by *a nothing*." Your statement is defective in one point: you say that the second marriage referred to would be "*in fact*" a nullity, whereas it is only a nullity *in law*, and not a nullity *in fact*. The courts have settled this beyond all question. See the case of *Hayes v. the People*, 25 N. Y. Reports, page 390, where the Court of Appeals says that, "The bigamist, although he is not capable of contracting the second marriage, may, nevertheless, '*marry another person*,' so as to incur the penalty denounced against bigamy." The same court further says, in the same case, that, "to convict of bigamy, a marriage *in fact* must be proved." That is to say, a marriage ceremony must be performed, or such an agreement of marriage must be had and consummated in some form, as would constitute a marriage in fact, *or establish the fact of a marriage*. It is the *deception* which the bigamist is guilty of that constitutes the essence of his crime; and to hold that he cannot be punished because the second marriage is a nullity in law, is analogous to holding that a forger cannot be punished because the note which he forged is worthless and not binding upon any one.

A COUNTRY BOY says: "I have an uncle in your famous city who sends his children away from the table if they put a knife into their mouths while eating. Now, I would like to be informed whether 'eating with a knife' is really vulgar, or whether the notion that it is, is a mere freak of fashion. For instance, if eating with the fork should become a *common* custom, would not some leader of fashion think it necessary to make a change in favor of the knife?" The preference given in this matter to the fork over the knife is not a mere whim, but is founded on sufficient reasons. In the first place, the food can be carried to the mouth more certainly, easily and gracefully with a fork (with four prongs, such as is now coming into general use) than with a knife. Many articles of food so readily slip from a knife that a person has to grab at them with the mouth in canine fashion in order to prevent their disgusting fall and "*flap*" upon the plate. Then if it so chance that one who "eats with his knife" *has* to cut something on the table that is common stock, with that weapon, he debars others from participating in the article so cut, unless they are willing to eat what has been brought in contact with an instrument which has been repeatedly thrust into the cutter's mouth. It is putting it rather harshly and unfairly to say that "to eat with a knife is vulgar;" but, on the whole, it would be just as well for every one to conform to what you call the "fashionable custom," and use the fork for conveying food to the mouth.

HOAX.—It is possible for people to have a little "innocent fun," as you call it, through the medium of hoaxes, or practical jokes; but there is usually some bad feeling engendered by such things, and the best way is to seek amusement in some less objectionable manner. Your notion that "a man has a right to seek fun in his own way," is erroneous. He has no right to annoy others, for the sake of making a little sport for himself. The ladies whom you offended were under no obligation to remain at your house and subject themselves to further annoyance. They did nothing improper in taking their leave in a courteous manner.

O. Q.—There is no use in your fighting against the truth. It is an old adage, you know, that "truth is mighty and will prevail." If you could only discover that what you have all along imagined to be the truth is, in fact, error, then you might cherish new hope and go ahead exultingly. The *real* trouble with you probably is that you are too enthusiastic and simple-minded. You allow theoretical dreamers to lead you astray; and as such fellows never have any money of their own, your fortune will make them stick to you as long as it and your gullibility last.

A. C. R.—The word *fête*, meaning a festival or holiday, is pronounced *fate* and not *feet*. It is not an English word, but a French one, and is governed by the rules of French pronunciation. When used in writing, it should be italicised and accented according to French usage. If a person does not wish to use it as a French word, he should not use it at all, but should employ some English synonym in its place.

CLIENT.—If your attorney agreed to carry on the suit and take his pay out of what he should recover, and also agreed that if he did not recover anything he would not charge *you* anything, then, the case having gone against you, he cannot make you pay him one hundred and eighty dollars, or any other sum. We suppose, of course, in making this decision, that you can prove what you state to be the truth.

OPERA.—The lady who stuck her parasol in your eye, because you trod on her dress, must have been a rather barbarous angel. Should you lose the sight of the injured eye, you could undoubtedly recover damages for its loss. Such an outrage is not to be permitted, even when perpetrated by a woman.

ANNIE.—You write a very good hand now for a girl of sixteen who has been sick the greater part of her life. You should not get discouraged. A couple of hours' practice a day, for a year, will be pretty sure to make you a good penman.

A VILLAIN'S VICTIM.—The man with whom you have been living for three years under the supposition that you were his "lawful wedded wife," as you say, cannot now cast you off on the ground that the person who performed the marriage ceremony was not a clergyman, but only a scoundrel hired to personate one. The statutes of this State only require the solemnization of marriages before a minister, priest, or magistrate, and in the presence of witnesses, for the purpose of *registration:* for all other purposes they are valid without such celebration and attestation. The statute expressly declares that marriage, so far as its *validity* is concerned, shall continue in this State a civil contract, to which the only essential thing is the *consent* of the parties; and no particular mode of declaring or substantiating this consent is prescribed or required by law. All that the law or religion requires is, that the consent be given in a deliberate manner, *so as to show, beyond all question*, the *intent* of the parties. Therefore, the man whom you have for three years believed to be your husband, and who, during all that period, has lived with you as his wife, *is your husband absolutely*, no matter what he may now pretend or threaten. You have a claim upon him for support, and a dower right in all his real estate which he can in no way evade except by your own consent and act. Don't you let him frighten you into throwing away any of your rights. Just plant yourself on the law and defy him.

KENTUCKIENNE.—You are simply reaping the reward of your undutiful and deceptive conduct towards your parents. You are not truthful with us, to whom you affect to tell a straightforward story. Instead of entering into the anonymous correspondence with the gentleman referred to, "solely from a desire of improvement," as you allege, the fact undoubtedly is that you entered into it to gratify your desire to communicate with one to whom you had become attached, against what you knew to be the judgment and wishes of your parents. It would of course be improper for you to marry a man whom you dislike, nor would your parents have any right to force you into an odious union. On the other hand, until you become of age, you have no right to enter into a marriage against the wishes of your parents; and even then you should treat their desires as to your future welfare with the greatest tenderness, and strive to harmonise your feelings with theirs. Your notion of seeking employment as a relief to your over-wrought feelings and sorrows is a good one, if you can only find anything to do.

DISCONSOLATE.—It is certainly a sad thing for a wife to have her husband run away with another woman, and leave her and her children to the shame of such a desertion. But, rightly viewed, no disgrace attaches to the deserted ones. Besides, in your case, the generous devotion of your father mitigates much of the poignancy of your situation; and his abundant wealth makes the support of yourself an assured thing. Suppose you had had no father to stand by you, and had been left to struggle with poverty as well as sorrow, as many a wife and mother has been left! How much more bitter would your fate then have been. You should think of the blessings you *have*, and not of those you have lost. In fact, it may be that the desertion of your husband will be the salvation of your children; for who can tell what might have been their fate, had they been subjected daily to the evil example and contaminating influence of such a bad man, and that man their own father!

TIMOLEON.—Your notion of buying up a thousand square miles of farming land in Virginia, and "working it up into a model farm on a gigantic scale," is a grand one; and if you have money enough, and executive ability enough, you can perhaps carry it out. A thousand square miles is 640,000 acres; and a farm of that size would be a horrible thing to *plough*. An average of two acres a day to a team is considered fair ploughing, and if you had a thousand teams at work constantly, it would take 320 days just to plough your farm, not to mention other work, and this would leave no time for crops to grow. You would require ten thousand teams to work such a farm, and ten thousand men to handle them, and ten thousand more men and women to run the other parts of the machine; and that would constitute the population for a pretty good-sized city. On the whole, you should take the matter into very mature consideration before beginning to expend your money on such a scheme.

BARBAROUS.—What is the use of your wishing to pursue a ruffian, who has wronged you, across the ocean for the sake of wreaking vengeance upon him! He being a ruffian, and you being, or at least claiming to be, a Christian, the chances are, that in any contest such as you propose, he would get the best of you. If you will say the Lord's Prayer in sincerity just once, it will relieve you of all trouble in the matter. "Forgive us our trespasses as *we forgive them that trespass against us*," uttered with that sincerity and transparency of soul which prayer implies, will leave you no vengeance to seek.

AMBITIOUS.—Such "ambitious" boys as you are should hearken to the advice of their elders and stay at home, and not roam over the world in quest of "good places to make fortunes in." The place for a Yankee boy "to make his start in the world" is in New England. Go to work and learn some business thoroughly, and spend all your leisure moments in downright hard study until you become twenty-one years of age. By that time you will have a basis of character formed, and will be in a condition to "look about you for chances," with some prospect of being able to tell a good chance when you see it.

SUFFERER.—We remember reading some years ago of a Frenchman who committed suicide because he was bitten by fleas. That is the nearest approach to your case of meditated self-destruction, by reason of suffering from musquitoes, that we know of. A man who has no fortitude, and is supremely selfish, and a fool, might be expected to succumb to the small annoyances of life; but a person of any stamina, or generosity, or intelligence, would feel ashamed to contemplate the possibility of his making a degrading surrender to any minor ills, or even to great calamities.

ORPHAN.—If you wait until all your lover's relations become reconciled to your marriage, that event will probably never come off. If you and he love one another, and his parents are friendly to the match, you should not allow your happiness to be wrecked because one of his sisters dislikes you. She will probably be reconciled to the marriage after its consummation has shown her that her opposition is unavailing; and if she does not, you can probably get along without her friendship.

S. H. R.—The reason why a vessel is called "she" is to be found in the tendency and habit of men to apply the feminine pronoun to inanimate objects for which they feel a strong affection. A sailor's love for his vessel is proverbial; he makes it his pet and his pride; and therefore he calls it "she," just as Napoleon's cannoniers did the cannon to which they became attached, when they were dragging them over the Alps.

EUNICE.—You should apply to some sound lawyer in New Orleans for advice. As your father's affairs were complicated before the rebellion, and have become still more involved by reason of his course since 1861, nobody but one who is familiar with the laws of Louisiana, and is in a position to investigate all the facts for himself, can give you any trustworthy advice on the subject.

M. B.—Your solicitude lest the publication of your "views" might overthrow Christianity is entirely gratuitous. You can publish "views" to your heart's content, without being under the necessity of looking after the stability or permanency of Christianity in the slightest degree. *That* is an institution which will take care of itself, without regard to anybody's "views."

AMICUS.—As you are but eighteen, you can very well afford to wait a few years for the girl's mother to find out your excellent qualities and give her consent to your marriage with her daughter. You ought to attend to your books now, and let love matters alone till you become a man.

C. B. T.—The law of this State now is, that a married woman can sell and convey, or make any contract about or concerning her own personal property and real estate, just the same as if she were a single woman. She is perfectly independent of her husband as to such matters.

CHARLEY.—You seem to have been the only party to blame in the triangular quarrel between your sweetheart, her mother and yourself. You had no business to inform the mother of things which the daughter had confided to you in confidence.

C. Y.—It is yet rather early in the season for a person acclimated to New Hampshire air to go to the West Indies. It would be better to defer your trip till November, at least.

S. L.—If a man keeps a ferocious dog, and the animal attacks and injures any one who comes to his house on a proper errand, he is liable to the person so injured for damages.

CARRIE.—When a young lady becomes engaged, she should cease promiscuous correspondence with gentlemen.

**** *Several letters stand over to be answered in our nex*

---

* One of the punishments on board a man-of-war is a suspension of privilege, which includes liberty on shore, and extra favor of every kind. The stopping of a man's grog is regarded by many of the old salts as the worst of all punishments that can be inflicted without court-martial. I have seen many a man beg that he might take a "dozen of the colt" upon his back rather than have his grog stopped!

* The breaking of a company into sections is now entirely done away with in our country. Since Scott's time, the doubling of files, when marching by the flank, has superseded the forming sections. The old section was half of a platoon.